THE
NATION

MARCH 23, 1957 . . 25c

THE FOREST CONSERVATION HOAX

Weldon F. Heald

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LETTERS

Appraising the Appraisers

[*As expected, the appraisal by sixteen college teachers of today's undergraduates, which appeared in the March 9* Nation *under the title The Careful Young Men, provoked widespread and varied reader response. Here is a first sampling; additional letters will be published in future issues.—Ed.*]

Dear Sirs: I detected three things the teachers observed in common: (1) the undergraduate generation has no *gurus;* (2) it has substituted criticism in lieu of creativity; (3) it lacks enthusiasm. If this summation is correct—and I sadly believe this to be the case—then instead of pointing a finger at the undergraduate generation, I think we ought to direct our scrutiny directly upon the teachers responsible. Surely much fault lies in the disinterest of those teachers more concerned with their personal prestige than in teaching and inspiring their students.

LESLIE WOOLF HEDLEY

San Francisco

Dear Sirs: As I read Professor Baker's description of the Princeton undergraduate, I began to wonder if I was on the same campus. The number of "individualists and independents" who "basically . . . want to understand" and who are ready to follow a "seeker-after-truth . . . no matter into what labelled camp the pusuit may lead him" is vanishingly small. The Princeton student may as a reflection of his assigned reading "be too busy reading and thinking about older thinkers and writers to pay extensive heed to the newest ones," but not from choice. The "wait and see" attitude is waiting to see which way the wind blows, *à la* Nixon; not a sign of mature balance and caution.

Baker's list of student comments on the "wise old men" illustrates the purpose of higher education, i. e. to provide gambits for cocktail party conversations. The comment on Freud sums it up completely ("too influential to avoid"). One reads authors because they are influential (likely to come up in conversation) and avoids them if possible. The list is unrepresentative only in that most students can produce more sophisticated comments.

This could better be described as another "Age of the Courtiers." Instead of King's men, these are company men. They are gentlemen of liberal (but not profound) knowledge, who give offense to no one, and whose loyalties go to the highest bidder. Conformity (euphemistically termed "learning to get along") is practiced as a high art, with the rewards going to the most graceful chameleon. Call it the exercise of "tact" and they will admit it with enthusiasm.

Above all the Princeton student is not critical. He doesn't want to think, to understand, to decide. He wants to "get his share" with the minimum of effort. He wants to be briefed on the "key" facts for the examination. After the examination he speaks of the successful "snow-job." He believes he has deceived his teachers into believing he is a scholar, when he is only a gentleman. In the case of Professor Baker and *The Nation* editorial writer, apparently he has.

ANTHONY B. ANDERSON
Princeton '59

Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: I must take issue with your editorial comments (The Shock of Recognition) concerning the symposium on The Careful Young Men. Certainly it gave me no feeling of pleasure or security that these "brain-washed" cashmere-coated minds will be our leaders in the next twenty years. I would prefer the whiskey-soaked, racoon-wrapped escapists of the twenties or the aggressive, volcanic, inquiring radicals of the thirties to these dry, cautious, conforming collegians without standards other than the shibboleths prepared by Madison Avenue and Young Republican Leagues.

I agree that we as parents may not have set the proper standards. But is that all? Or does the situation stem mostly from the lack of morality in the conduct of our national affairs, from the retreat of our so-called intellectuals during the inquisitions and *auto da fe's* of the forties, from the lack of an honest, indignant and righteous people who have been afraid to stand up and be counted?

The sins of the fathers? They deserve these ivy-league robots. I'm glad I'm forty and part of another generation.

E. H. WISE

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* which presented the symposium on The Careful Young Man is one of the most interesting I have ever read. Congratulations. But I have one quarrel with you. Why did you not include at least one report from an all-girls' college? Sweet Briar, Smith, Connecticut, Bryn Mawr, Mills —I wonder what their story would have been?

ERICA STRAUSS

Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sirs: To read your distinguished list of English professors [The Careful Young Men: Tomorrow's Leaders Analyzed by Today's Teachers, *The Nation,* March 9], one would think that departments of psychology, sociology, anthropology, geography and politics didn't ex-

(Continued on Page 264)

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

244 ●

ARTICLES

247 ● Suez: the Indispensable Ditch
by JOHN S. TOMPKINS

249 ● The Forest Conservation Hoax
by WELDON F. HEALD

252 ● New Teamsters' Boss?
by RICHARD ROSE

255 ● Sex Scares the Professor
by DAVID CORT

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

257 ● Schlesinger: Right Crisis—Wrong Order
by WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS

258 ● The Witch of Endor (poem)
by HOWARD NEMEROV

260 ● Mr. Auden and Clio
by M. L. ROSENTHAL

261 ● Downes on Music
by B. H. HAGGIN

261 ● Letter from Rome
by WILLIAM WEAVER

262 ● Theatre and Film
by ROBERT HATCH

263 ● Music
by B. H. HAGGIN

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 264)
by FRANK LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
B. H. Haggin, Music
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The American Stake in Gomulka

Washington

Listening to some of the State Department officials, one gets the impression that the Eisenhower Administration is trying to kill Gomulka's Poland with kindness. These U. S. authorities have been explaining privately that to grant Poland assistance on a large scale would seriously compromise the Polish regime in Moscow. It follows, they say, that if the United States gives the Poles only a fraction of what they are asking, they will be immune to Soviet suspicion of falling under American influence.

This papa-knows-best attitude makes very little sense to the Poles. Warsaw would never have sent a delegation to Washington to negotiate the purchase of American agricultural and industrial products if it didn't believe such a deal was in Poland's interest.

On February 26 the five-man Polish mission began its important discussions at the State Department. The Poles presented their shopping list, amounting to some $300 million worth of goods they want to buy on credit. However, outside the conference room, the Poles were told they could expect no more than thirty to forty millions in wheat, cotton and cattle feed. If the United States were to let the mission return home with only one-tenth of its needs fulfilled, we would in effect be telling the Polish people that:

1. The Stalinists are right; the Poles should look only to Moscow and drop the nonsense of hoping for consideration from the West.

2. The United States, while contributing millions of dollars to assist ex-enemies like Germany, lacks the will or the means to proffer substantial aid to a Poland which is struggling to attain a modicum of independence from the Kremlin.

3. Scant notice need be paid to Americans of Polish origin, whose newspapers have generally been urging U. S. help for Gomulka's Poland.

4. Poland is eligible for American aid only on a small scale even if this may create more problems than it would solve for the Gomulka government. For limited assistance, while failing to improve living conditions in Poland, would enable the Stalinist foes of Gomulka to exploit the modest scope of America's contribution.

As this is written, the Polish delegation is having a difficult time. However, the last word has not yet been spoken. There are certain Americans—and Christian Herter, the new Under-Secretary of State, is said to be one—who realize that the United States' stake in reaching an understanding with Poland should take precedence over obsolete legalisms and—in this case—an equally obsolete cold-war psychology.

Mr. Justice Whittaker

The promotions of Charles Evans Whittaker, newly appointed to the United States Supreme Court, have been so rapid that it is hardly fair to say that he has had "judicial experience." As he himself has remarked, "It looks like I can't hold a job." Justice Whittaker put in only two years on the federal District Court and just a couple of months on the Court of Appeals. During this brief service, he handed down few interesting or significant decisions; one of them, however, is worth noting. The case involved Dr. Horace Davis, a professor of economics in a local tax-supported institution. Dr. Davis had been summoned before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee to testify on "subversive influences in the educational system," and had declined to answer certain questions on the ground of possible self-incrimination. Davis could not be punished by the Senate but, when he refused to answer the same questions put to him by the trustees of his institution, he was dismissed from the faculty. Justice Whittaker had to decide if Davis' failure to answer the questions constituted "adequate cause" for dismissal. Not content with ruling in favor of the trustees, he went on to say that they would have been derelict in their duty if they had not asked the questions and, having asked them, in not having dismissed Davis for his refusal to respond. Justice Whittaker's decision contrasts sharply with the spirit of the Supreme Court's decision in the Slochower case, which was decided by a 5-to-4 vote. In this case, Dr. Harry Slochower was dismissed by Brooklyn College for refusing to answer similar questions put by the same Senate subcommittee. The Supreme Court, in an opinion by Justice Clark, ordered him reinstated. Only two of the dissenters in the Slochower case—Justices Burton and Harlan—are still on the court.

But it is too soon to say that the minority in the Slochower case has been enlarged by the accession of Mr. Justice Whittaker. Less likely nominees have not hesitated to reject their own worst decisions once they have listened to their colleagues on the Supreme Court.

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The Wish and the Reality

Niels Bohr is the first winner of the $75,000 Atoms for Peace Award, established in 1955 by the Ford Motor Company Fund. The news stories announcing this new honor to a great scientist recall that he is one of the founders of modern atomic theory and one of the men immediately responsible for producing the atom bomb at Los Alamos. They do not say what he has done to associate the atom with world peace.

Peace is not a scientific problem, yet Dr. Bohr has done what, as a distinguished and humane world citizen, he could do. He has spoken and written widely on the subject; has warned us repeatedly, and with all the force of his great knowledge, of the consequences of nuclear irresponsibility. Having done so much, we wish he had refused the award. The real purpose of this gift is to make us think that significant progress is being made toward disarming the atom and turning it into an implement of peace. Dr. Bohr had the opportunity to warn humanity that neither he, nor anyone else, is making such progress, and to label the award for what it is—$75,000 worth of wishful thinking.

Sneering, Snide, Smart, Smug

As Val Peterson, Civil Defense Administrator, was testifying before a House Government Operations subcommittee on February 18, his attention was directed to press comment urging him to give favorable consideration to a nation-wide shelter program. "When I see comment," he said, "which starts out with the sneering, snide, smart, smug approach, I think the writer has not looked the problem squarely in the face." In an article in *The Nation* of February 9, the tone of which was anything but sneering, snide, smart or smug, Gene Marine, our West Coast correspondent, pointed out that "fallout has now made shelter, not evacuation" the only mode of protection. In the same article, Mr. Marine called attention to the fact that the Civil Defense Administrator had never requested shelter funds, had described shelters as "death traps" and "burial grounds" and had said that a shelter program would "bankrupt" the nation. But on March 12, Mr. Peterson was finally forced to concede that shelters might save 60 per cent of the population of a big city subject to a surprise nuclear attack; without shelters 98 per cent might be killed. The confession makes his previous comments sound a bit smug if not sneering, snide or smart.

While Mr. Peterson now states that he "believes in shelters," he persists in grossly exaggerating the cost of a shelter program. Experts have assured the House Appropriations subcommittee that a nation-wide program could be constructed for $16 billion; one expert placed the figure as low as $7.5 billion. But Mr. Peterson has come up with an estimate of $32 billion.

To this "snide" journal, it would appear that the Civil Defense Administrator should be more concerned with estimated casualties than with doubling the cost estimates of experts by way of discouraging Congressional action on a shelter program.

The Germans Aren't Hurrying

Washington

However abnormal, the partition of Germany seems increasingly likely to continue for an indefinite period. Three recent West German visitors here have strengthened the impression that unification of their country has been deposited in the deep freeze.

The government of Konrad Adenauer has become an opponent of any early Western initiative to reunify Germany. At the same time the Chancellor's principal opposition, the Social Democratic Party, has lately defined its attitude in a manner which also appears to defer unification to some misty future.

General elections in the Federal Republic are less than six months away. As the campaign unrolls, every German politician will continue to avow his iron determination to put an end to the fatherland's division. But the iron is clearly rusting.

Russia dreads the specter of a unified Germany all the more as West Germany's rearmament hits its stride. By the end of this year there will be some 135,000 German troops in the field, trained to use atomic weapons. Britain's decision to withdraw more than half of its 80,000-man garrison from Germany will speed the expansion of the new German army and air force. Meanwhile, last autumn's events in Hungary dispelled whatever illusions existed concerning the Soviets' willingness to renounce their Eastern Europe *glacis*. In the jet-bomber and nuclear-missile era, the strategic value of a buffer strip 200 to 300 miles wide is doubtful. However, emphasis has switched to the worth of this area for radar warning.

The three influential German politicians who came to Washington in the past few weeks were Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano; Kurt Riesinger, the chairman of the Bundestag's foreign affairs committee; and Erich Ollenhauer, leader of the German Social Democratic Party. All three agreed at least on this: a violent attempt to overthrow the Communist regime in East Germany would be a catastrophe. Without Western intervention such an upheaval would go down to bloody defeat under Russian fire; with Western intervention, the outbreak of World War III would be imminent.

Brentano and Riesinger found U. S. leaders sharing the view that another Big Four conference on German unification would almost certainly fail. They are understood to have told President Eisenhower and others that such a meeting would merely retard the already

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remote prospect for ending German partition. In this, both men were echoing the ideas of their chief, Adenauer, who has accepted an invitation from President Eisenhower to visit here in late May.

The third of the recent German travellers, Ollenhauer, revealed that the Social Democrats, unlike their Christian Democratic rivals, favor a certain amount of Western initiative. But he dismissed the notion that the German Socialists were prepared to quit NATO and neutralize Germany in a bid for Soviet assent to unification. His party contemplates a maneuver infinitely more complex, and one much less agreeable to the Russians. The German Socialists, Ollenhauer said, are prepared to take their country out of the Atlantic alliance only if—and when—the USSR and the West (meaning the United States) can agree on a new security system for Europe. The security system would have to be *in being* before the Germans would leave NATO, so that no interim vacuum would exist. Ollenhauer holds, moreover, that Germany would still have to be rearmed as a partner in the proposed security bloc.

Thus the Christian Democratic and Social Democratic programs leave German unification just where it has been: at the end of the rainbow.

SUEZ: The Indispensable Ditch . . *by John S. Tompkins*

AS EGYPT'S President Nasser drags his feet in what appears to be a semi-permanent Suez Canal crisis, more and more talk is heard about eliminating it as a vital waterway with fleets of supertankers and pipelines through non-Arab-bloc countries. On paper the ideas are convincing. Not only does by-passing Suez seem economically and militarily sound, but the emotional satisfaction of having Nasser wind up with a ditch through the desert that no one wants to use is attractive.

The only trouble is that it's not likely to happen in the foreseeable future, and a careful examination of the problems involved makes it fairly obvious that much of this kind of talk represents attempts to frighten Nasser into letting us run the canal our way—or wishful thinking in case he doesn't.

The uncomfortable fact of the matter is that because of the fast-rising world demand for oil and the less urgent but still increasing level of international trade, the world needs Suez and will find it cheaper to pay almost any price to use the canal than to try to get along without it. This is not to say that we couldn't get along, for we have been since last November, but economically the only justification for the expense of doing so over any long period would be war.

JOHN S. TOMPKINS is a financial reporter for the New York Times.

Even with American financing, the re-routing of world trade for an unknown length of time just to topple Nasser from power would be as difficult to defend politically as economically. Indeed, it's a fairly safe bet that if Nasser were to abandon his horse-trading tactics and become completely intractable (a thing he's probably not stupid enough to do) public opinion in this country might very well swing over to the Eden position that only bombers and battleships will keep the canal open.

THE ARGUMENT for by-passing Suez with supertankers is based on some realistic economic comparisons. The standard T-2 tanker, of which we built some 525 during World War II, is a 16,200-ton ship capable of hauling about 140,000 barrels of oil at fifteen knots with a crew of forty. The 30,000-ton to 45,000-ton supertanker, the most popular size presently under construction in shipyards all over the world, can carry from 280,000 barrels to 420,000 barrels of crude at slightly higher speeds and with only ten more crew members.

Up to a point, the per-ton cost of building tankers declines the bigger they get. Thus the cost of a 45,000-ton vessel was recently about 12½ per cent less per ton than the cost of a 32,000-tonner. This would make it possible to build two of the bigger ships carrying as much oil as three of the smaller ones for 20 per cent less money. The recently-launched 46,000-ton *World Beauty* cost about $11 million, or $245 a ton, to build. A 32,000-ton ship would have cost only about $2 million less, though the bigger tanker carries 50 per cent more oil.

The reasons for the big differences in carrying capacity and small cost differentials lie in the fact that a very small increase in overall hull size greatly increases capacity and the power plants of the two ships are often identical. Ships of this size can be run for only about half again what a wartime T-2 costs to operate, though they haul two or three times as much oil.

The economics of this size tanker were apparent even before the Middle Eastern crisis. At that time, the 45,000-ton tanker was considered the most practical top limit because it was the biggest the Suez Canal could accommodate. There were bigger ships on the drawing boards, but they were (and still are) considered exceptional.

Indeed, a tanker building boom was in full swing before the closing of the canal. The world demand for oil had been rising so fast since the war that though the tanker fleet has doubled since 1940 to over forty million tons, a 50 per cent increase was already on order when the Suez crisis came along and many foreign shipyards were booked up four to eight years ahead. Some estimates made at the time figured another 50 per

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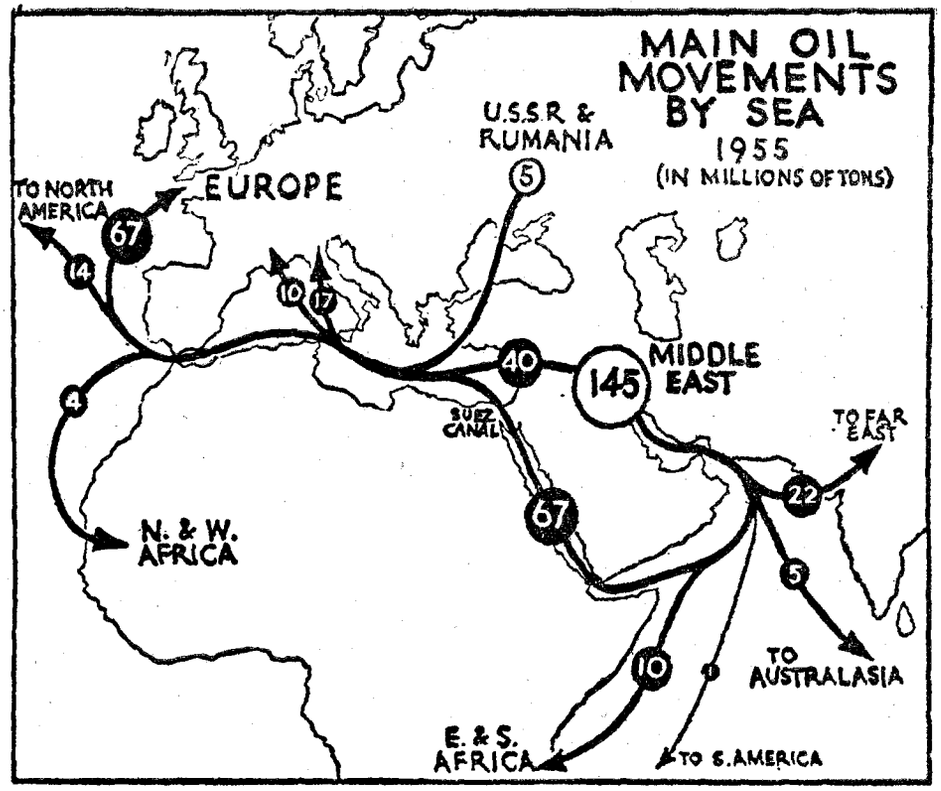
cent rise, to about 100 million tons, would have to come by 1975.

Consumption of oil in Europe has been increasing at about 10 per cent a year and pre-Suez projections were that the daily crude output of the Middle East would rise from a 1956 level of 3.5 million barrels a day to 4.8 million by 1960 and 8.3 million by 1965. What amounted to a "crash" program of tanker building was necessary just to keep up with the expected demand, and this was predicated not only on the continued use of the canal, but also the various projects being planned to widen and deepen it.

If Suez is no longer to figure in our plans, the task ahead is prodigious. For the present canal was fast becoming a bottleneck before it was closed. Some estimates were that another five or six years would have produced a transportation crisis at Suez even allowing for the *Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez* modernization plans. The pre-crisis normal daily traffic of oil was about 1.2 million to 1.5 million barrels, or some eight to ten T-2 tanker loads. The reason for this relatively small number of ships was, of course, that unlike Panama, the Suez is mainly a one-way canal, with ships able to pass each other only at three points in the 105-mile distance.



Of the Middle East's total oil production of 145 million tons in 1955, sixty-seven million tons moved through the Suez Canal.

THE 820,000-odd barrels of crude that went to Europe each day from the Middle East (before the crisis) flowed through Arab-controlled pipelines. Some 500,000 barrels of this traffic was shut off with the blowing up of the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipeline by the Syrian army. In order to close the gap between the 300,000 barrels a day now going to Europe directly from the Middle East and the earlier amount, the United States has stepped up shipments and Latin American oil has been diverted.

To eliminate the canal permanently, it has been estimated that an armada of tankers totaling some eighteen million tons—or almost half the present world fleet and equal to the tonnage now being built and on order—would have to be constructed to maintain a daily average flow around the Cape of Good Hope approximating what's been lost by its closing. This does not include the sabotaged pipeline or take into account larger future demands.

The magnitude of such a task is fantastic. To impose such a project, involving as it does hard-to-get steel and other materials, on top of the present boom would seem impossible except in a war emergency. For not only are all American shipyards booked up almost as tightly as those abroad for years to come, but a phenomenon known as "block obsolescence" is coming along to complicate things even more. What it means is that much of today's tanker fleet is over ten years old, and with the useful life of a tanker not over twenty years (and often less), most of the present fleet will have to be replaced by 1965 or 1970.

Several "safe" pipelines across Iraq and through Turkey to the Mediterranean are being talked about But little has been done except for Israel's tiny 8-inch, 50,000-barrel per day pipeline from Elath on the Gulf of Aqaba to Beersheba. This line is designed only to provide oil for internal consumption, but when and if free navigation on the gulf is assured, a 32-inch pipe is planned, with French backing, from Elath to Tel Aviv. This line would still only carry about 300,000 barrels a day. And this or any other pipeline would take at least a couple of years.

Though pipelines by-passing the sensitive areas would seem to offer the most promise, more people have been thrilled by the recently-announced plans to build supertankers of the 80,000 to 100,000-ton size. Originally designed to ply between the Persian Gulf and West Coast ports of the United States, these huge ships are now looked on as the core of an around-the-Cape oil traffic to Europe.

The biggest tanker now afloat is the 84,730-ton *Universe Leader*, launched last fall in Japan for Daniel K. Ludwig's National Bulk Carriers concern. Four 100,000-ton and over ships have been announced, but the first one won't be finished until mid-1959 at the earliest. Too big for either the Suez or Panama as well as for most of the world's harbors, tankers of this class seem

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to create more problems than they solve. All of these giants are being built for the independent Greeks who make their money chartering tankers to oil companies that would rather not tie up money in ships anyway. The biggest, a 106,500-tonner, is being built by Bethlehem Steel Company for Stavros S. Niarchos at an estimated $25 million. Two 100,000-ton tankers have been ordered by Aristotle S. Onassis, brother-in-law of Niarchos, and a fourth 100,000-ton ship is to be built in Japan for Mr. Ludwig.

The economics of these tankers apply as to the smaller tankers, only more so. Able to haul six times as much oil as the old T-2—about 820,000 to 830,000 barrels—they only need half again as big a crew and a power plant in similar proportion. Their problems stem from the fact that few ports in the world, including the Middle East itself, are capable of handling them. In most places they have to be loaded and unloaded with the help of costly underwater pipelines, or by transfer of the oil on smaller tankers or barges, an operation which partly negates the speed advantage. Construction of such giant ships is also a problem, since there are very few yards in the world big enough to handle them. They are roughly the size of the Queen Elizabeth, the largest liner afloat.

All of the foregoing ignores the problem of the dry cargo vessel, the passenger ship, the ore carrier and naval craft. For a tanker to sail 12,000 miles from New York to Kuwait around the Cape may add $2 a ton to the cost of hauling oil compared with the 8,400-mile Suez route. In a product in as great demand as oil, this added cost is insignificant and could even be subsidized, but in the world interchange of raw materials and manufactured goods, many a trade line would be permanently thrown out of kilter by such an added tariff. For some countries elimination of Suez would move the time factor in water transportation back a quarter century.

The best solution would seem to lie in the canal itself. If the whole question of its free operation can be resolved and the plans of the company for modernizing it put into effect, it can and should resume its place as a strategic waterway. If someone is willing to invest only a part of the money that would be needed to eliminate it with tankers, an old plan to duplicate the present canal with a parallel ditch could be put into effect and both canals could be made big enough to accommodate our largest supertankers.

The Forest Conservation Hoax . . *by Weldon F. Heald*

UP IN THE Pacific Northwest, where Timber is King, there is current an all-powerful, all-embracing, all-comforting shibboleth: *Sustained Yield.*

I understand that Western Oregonians or Washingtonians greet each other with a hearty "Sustained Yield!" instead of "Good Morning." I have heard, too, that natives of these states, passing a logging operation in which giant five-hundred-year-old Douglas firs are crashing to the ground like tenpins, make a sign exorcizing the devils and mutter "Sustained Yield" five times in rapid succession before they hurry on.

In fact, those two words have become a magic formula that solves all problems, heals every ill and assures a prosperous, rosy future. It is to the good people of our North Pacific slope what *Om mani padme hum* is to the Tibetan Buddhists or *Abracadabra* was to the Gnostics of the sect of Basilides.

No wonder. For sustained yield is a term magnificent in its sweeping simplicity. It is the answer, and the only answer, to the dilemma of our fast-vanishing forests. It means that through wise forestry practices a balance could be reached whereby the growth of our forests each year would equal the annual cut. Through sustained yield a wood-hungry America could be assured of a continuous supply of lumber.

But we are far from this blissful state today. On paper, timber growth and cutting are about equal, but the United States Forest Service estimates that actual sawtimber cut, plus the amount destroyed by fire, disease and pests each year, is 50 per cent *more* than the total annual growth. Furthermore, we are cutting the most important classes of timber 1½ to 2 times faster than nature can replace them. By 1950 the total yearly drain on our wood supply from all causes reached an almost incredible fifty-four billion board feet, while replacement growth stood at thirty-six billion board feet. At this rate the United States will be without timber in a century.

Particularly concerned over the future are the people of the Douglas fir region of Oregon and Washington. Called "The Nation's Woodlot," the western portions of these states contain a third of all the remaining sawtimber in the country. Lumber production in the area has increased 50 per cent in the last decade, and tin-hatted woodsmen are now taking out more that twelve billion board feet of logs a year. Lumbering has become a two-billion-dollar industry employing 175,000 workers; it is the backbone of the economy for a couple of million people. So the rapid application of a comprehensive program of sustained-yield cutting will make the difference between the future growth of the region or its stagnation and decline.

Originally the Pacific slope, from the California line to the Canadian border, was covered with an almost continuous coniferous forest 450

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miles long and 100 miles wide. It contained, so they say, 1.4 trillion board feet of timber. The trees were giants of their kind and constituted the world's largest and heaviest stand. Millions upon millions of mature firs, hemlocks, cedars and spruces grew to heights of 150 to 300 feet, with trunk diameters of 10, 15 or 20 feet. But dominating them all was the gigantic Douglas fir, one of nature's most generous gifts to man. Actually no fir at all, it is classified by botanists as a false hemlock and called Oregon pine by lumbermen. By whatever name you call it, this prolific, fast-growing species is our most valuable timber tree and has from the very beginning played the leading role in the dramatic story of lumbering in the Pacific Northwest. Today virgin and second-growth Douglas fir accounts for more than 60 per cent of the region's standing timber.

In the past century nearly three-quarters of this once magnificent forest has been cut and a thousand whining sawmills are now devouring 260,000 additional acres annually. About 8,250,000 acres remain, but experts estimate that the virgin stands will be gone in less than fifty years. What then? Will the Pacific Northwest be through as a lumber producer around the year 2,000 A. D.? By no means, say the lumbermen and their foresters. With slide rules, calculating machines, electronic brains and cabalistic formulas, they have brought forth a mass of bewildering and often conflicting statistics, all exuding boundless optimism.

FIRST CAME the surprising announcement that there is more timber in the Douglas fir region today than twenty years ago. No, there are not more trees; actually sawtimber has decreased one-third since 1933. But a new inventory conducted by the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station upped the total almost 40 per cent by counting all trees over eleven inches in diameter instead of the previously accepted fifteen inches. This amazing piece of mathematical legerdemain raised sawtimber volume in the Douglas fir region from around 430 to 595 billion board feet.

Next came heart-warming figures purporting to prove that the faster the old forests are cut the more timber there will be in the future. This paradoxical conclusion is drawn from the undeniable fact that young Douglas firs grow rapidly, while mature stands grow little or not at all. The slow-up point is reached at about 160 years. So, as the old static forests are cleared, they will be replaced by fast-growing new stands capable of growing from thirteen to twenty billion board feet a year. The first figure is obtained by assuming the average annual growing rate to be 500 board feet per acre, plus the assumption that the region has twenty-six million acres capable of growing timber; the second is a more esoteric estimate of Burt T. Kirkland, American Forestry Association authority. Another forest engineer, W. D. Hagenstein of the Industrial Forestry Association, has even compiled a table which projects future timber consumption and supply to the year 2025 A. D. According to his figures, the region will continue to cut trees faster than they grow for the next fifty years; but after that—between 2005 and 2010 A. D. —a breakeven point will be reached when annual growth will catch up with the cut. Thereafter a sustained-yield balance will be achieved between yearly cut and replacement that will presumably endure through eternity.

That the quality of this second-growth timber will be very low compared to the present mature stands is not stressed in these calculations. Although most of our higher quality and specialty-type lumber comes from old-growth forests, the industry terms the virgin stands "decadent trees" that should be cleaned out as rapidly as possible.

So, the impression given by foresters of both private industry and public agencies is one of confidence and assurance. The cheering news came just in time for the inhabitants of western Oregon and Washington. In a region based upon a lumber economy, people were becoming uneasy; their forests are being devastated nearly three times as fast as nature can restore them. Everywhere, timberlands are being exhausted, sawmills abandoned and once thriving lumber towns deserted and rotting amidst the stumps. The citizens of the self-styled Evergreen Empire could see only more of the same ahead until their Number One industry came to a dead stop when the last giant Douglas fir crashed to the ground.

Now, as if by magic, all this pessimism has been swept away. The ever-beneficent and cooperative Douglas fir, it seems, has caught on to the idea of sustained yield. Not only that: it has promised, on a stack of sawdust, that the faster it is cut the better it will perform. So the old wrong has become the new right; the former recklessness the future wisdom; the wastefulness of today the only salvation. It is an unbeatable formula — at least for those in the lumber business.

BUT HOW much faith can we put in this barrage of buoyant propaganda? Alas, very little. Every figure is hedged by unspoken *ifs*, *ands* and *buts;* each statement is loaded with unexpressed exceptions and conditions; no allowances are made for errors, or even contingencies; and the number of assumptions gratuitously made is appalling.

For example, Mr. Hagenstein's "breakeven point," principal basis for possible future sustained yield, is predicated on an annual cut of 8.1 billion board feet. However, the region has already exceeded that amount by fifty per cent and the outlook is for an accelerated upward trend to the end of the century. Another weakness in these optimistic predictions is the emphasis placed on maximum potential yield of the Douglas fir country, while glossing over the many factors that are now working to prevent its attainment. At present forty-five per cent of the total forest area is growing a new crop of trees at the rate of some four billion board feet a year. The maximum yield, which can be developed only under ideal conditions, is more than twice that area growing three to five times that volume of wood. Yet today 30 per cent of the western Oregon cut—2.4 billion board feet—is already in second-growth

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timber, and raids are increasingly being made on immature stands forty to seventy years old. Inasmuch as these young trees comprise a fifteenth to a half of the volume of timber in mature forests 120 years old and over, it can be readily seen that present-day lumbering practices are robbing the future of billions of board feet. These are far from the necessary ideal conditions to develop the maximum potential.

What is actually happening is somewhat masked by statistics for annual growth. Although the figures simply indicate an increment of new wood added each year to all trees, from saplings to veterans, the new generation of slide-rule foresters treats annual growth as if it were an available mature forest ready for logging. Unfortunately, however, there is no known method of harvesting timber from an increment. In fact, it is conceivable that the Douglas fir country might reach a point when near-maximum annual growth was achieved, yet faced a serious shortage because practically no trees were left large enough to produce timber. For by far the greater part of the cutting on private lands is still done wastefully and without regard to future crops. As late as 1945, a United States Forest Service survey showed that cutting practices were rated good on only 5 per cent of all privately-owned Western timberlands; 34 per cent were rated as fair; a full 50 per cent were poor; 11 per cent, destructive. Some improvement has probably been made in the last decade. But if so, it has not eased the situation in the Pacific Northwest, where the excess of cutting over growth is much greater today than it was ten years ago. The grim and tragic truth is that even under the most favorable forestry practices only 43 per cent by volume of all commercial timber cut each year ends up in useful services. Over half, 57 per cent, is wasted between stump and consumer.

This gloomy Pacific Northwest forest picture is relieved by several bright spots. There is a growing consciousness among the more responsible lumbermen of the necessity for good forestry practices. As a result, remarkable progress has been made in recent years by the larger timber operators in fire protection, pest control, harvesting by block-cutting and area selection, research in wood utilization, elimination of waste and tree "farming." Pioneered by the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, the tree-farm movement has grown rapidly and 4,250,000 acres, or 37 per cent, of the industrially-owned Pacific Northwest timberlands are now managed as perpetual forest crops. True, these figures are not quite as impressive as they first appear, since only 45 per cent, or under 2,000,000 acres, are actually growing saleable timber today. Moreover, the entire project is purely voluntary; it could fall apart in case of an economic pinch. Nevertheless, tree farming is without a doubt the most important step taken by private operators in forest conservation.

Encouraging, too, is the fact that the more enlightened leaders of the lumber industry have pledged themselves to a creed of sound forestry. If translated into action at once, these brave resolutions would go far towards furthering an adequate forest program on a regional and national basis. But unfortunately the gap between good intentions and actual performance is wide and we may not have time to bridge it before the disaster of a timber famine overwhelms us.

A RECENT survey blasts the Pacific Northwest lumbermen's complacent propaganda sky high. The 1,000-page study cost a million dollars and required three years of work; it was prepared by federal and state foresters, forest industries and public and private organizations. We learn from it that the country is nowhere near as rich in forest resources as we had supposed. The report predicts that the nation's timber requirements will be so great by the end of the century that forest growth will have to be *increased from 70 to 120 per cent* to keep pace. Richard E. McArdle, chief of the United States Forest Service, has expressed fear of a national lumber shortage by 2,000 A. D. "Whether there is time enough to gear up to levels of future demand," he stated, "and yet meet increasing needs in the meantime, is a pretty debatable point."

Most of the answers to our problems are known. They might be summarized as:

1. Better forest protection against fire and pests.

2. More intensive tree cultivation.

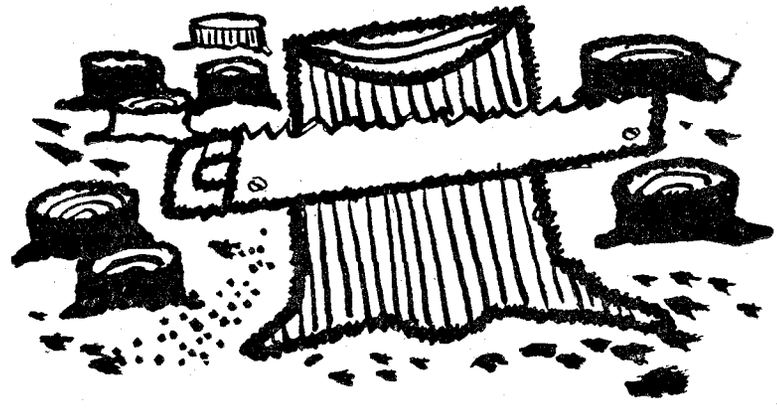
3. Increased wood utilization and elimination of waste.

4. Selective cutting on a rotation basis or — the Pacific Northwest equivalent — block cutting.

5. Logging geared to actual *replacement* of sawtimber, not to the total annual increment of wood.

IMMEDIATE application of these practices would probably pull the United States through the impending crisis. But manipulated figures promising possible timber balance a half century hence, self-congratulatory articles in the big magazines and lavish advertisements by large operators patting the lumber industry on the back are dangerously misleading. They give the public the impression that our timber problems are solved —a direct perversion of the facts contained in the combined survey.

Sustained-yield cutting in our forests *now* is the only way to keep



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the United States in the lumber business. The fact that one-third of the nation's timber comes from the Pacific Northwest Douglas fir country makes that region's business our business. All of us who vote should be heard from. The situation is grave enough to require the closing of the national forests to further logging until the entire lumber industry adopts adequate forestry practices, perhaps with the help of greatly increased federal cooperation and financial aid. Although drastic, such a step would at least preserve a huge reservoir of publicly-owned timber to carry the country through a lumber shortage. Then, with new growing tree crops and a fully developed sustained-yield program, the lumber industry could gradually take over the major part of the job once more.

But as things stand now, I would not want to place too large a bet on a balanced timber budget in our time.

TEAMSTERS' NEW BOSS?.. *by Richard Rose*

St. Louis, Mo.

POWER IS WHAT Teamsters' leader Harold J. Gibbons respects. Power is ambiguous; so is Harold Gibbons. Power can serve personal ends or broad ideals and it can work in straight or devious ways, or both; so can Harold Gibbons. Morality finishes a confused second place to power in the scale of values of this St. Louis labor chief. With Teamsters morality and Teamsters power filling the national headlines, Gibbons is a man to watch. As chief lieutenant of Jimmy Hoffa, who was arrested last week by the FBI charged with attempting to bribe a Senate staff aide, Gibbons is in line for the leadership of the 1,400,000-member union—as soon as Dave Beck steps out.

Gibbons has used his knowledge of power to make Teamsters Local 688 in St. Louis a showplace of trade unionism visited by many foreign union leaders touring the United States. For twelve years the local has operated its own Labor Health Institute, a $1,000,000-a-year agency giving members and their families everything from annual checkups to psychiatric care. A community-action program has turned the union into a potent political force on the ward level as well as supplying financial and legal support for unpopular liberal causes. Gibbons has been years ahead of many union leaders here in standing firm against racial discrimination. His staff — recruited from Harvard, Stanford, Chicago, Oxford and the streets—has worked out contracts that have won the strong support of the rank-and-file. As secretary-treasurer of Jimmy Hoffa's Central Conference of Teamsters, he is a leader in its drive to organize the South.

Teamsters offices here have been host not only to State Department guests from abroad, but also to Department of Justice investigators of labor racketeering. Two years ago one of Gibbons' right-hand men went to jail for tax evasion and Gibbons himself spent several days in jail for refusing to answer questions before a grand jury. Then, after he changed his mind and talked, he was twice indicted for filing false reports with a federal agency. The indictments were later squashed. City officials resent Gibbons using political power in attempts to compel them to meet what they term his extravagant demands for municipal services. Other unions resented his efforts to delay merger of state A.F.L. and C.I.O. groups following the merger at national level. The catch-all jurisdiction of the Teamsters is a potential threat to other labor organizations. Last August the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* said Gibbons is "rapidly dissipating whatever community support his Teamsters union might have hoped for." His interest in organizing Southern labor has led him to accede to Jimmy Hoffa's deals with the racket-ridden International Longshoremen's Union in New York.

Some have called Gibbons the brains for Hoffa, noting that Hoffa lets Gibbons run the international's central conference office from a corner of the modernistic $1,000,000 Teamsters Building in St. Louis. A negotiator who has dealt with both men comments: "Nobody ever does Jimmy Hoffa's thinking for him." Gibbons, not overly modest, has paid high tribute to his forceful fellow-unionist's acumen.

BOTH LABOR leaders are shrewd, realistic and ready to learn. Both respect the power of rank-and-file members. Their personalities are in many ways complementary. The squat Hoffa, if not a union leader, would probably be a business leader; the lanky Gibbons, a leading social crusader or sociologist. Hoffa has a penchant for outside business investments. Gibbons craves academic respect and scorns most business men. Their bargaining opponents charge both are more able than ethical in manipulating their basic commodity—manpower.

From Hoffa, Harold Gibbons has gained a greater appreciation of the arts of compromise, which he once considered "a last resort." Hoffa's concern with welfare benefits and his grudging acquaintance with idealism stems from Gibbons' influence. The contrast between the two is indicated by Hoffa's attitude toward the St. Louisan's decision to use the $265,000 proceeds from a Hoffa testimonial dinner last year for a children's home in Israel, instead of investing it in Florida real estate or Cadillacs. "For once I'm going to be a Boy Scout," Hoffa remarked.

Gibbons comes naturally by his Boy Scout desire to do good deeds for others. He was born one of the "others," the twenty-third child of

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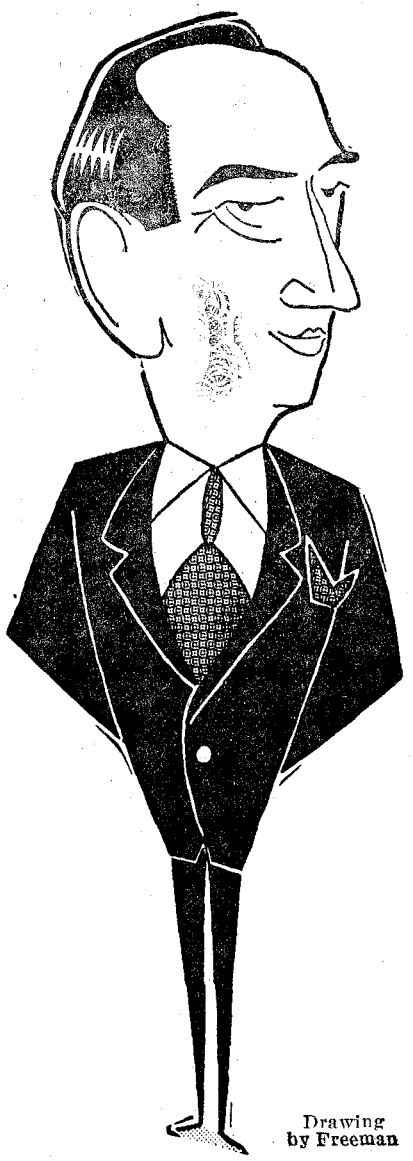
Irish immigrants. He passed his youth on the bottom of the social and economic scale of Archibald Patch, a small Pennsylvania mining town. After his father's death the family moved to Chicago, where in 1929 the pugnacious sixteen-year-old took a job as a warehouseman. Three years later he was out of work.

In the best tradition of self-help, he migrated to the public library. Without illusions about the chances of becoming a Horatio Alger in a crumbling business world, he headed directly for the sections labelled Labor and Economics and began reading straight across the shelves. "Believe me, I read a lot of crap but I also learned something from Stuart Chase, Emma Goldman and others," he later recalled.

After the New Deal began, Gibbons became a teacher on a government project. Quickly he jumped into union work, rising to a vice presidency in the American Federation of Teachers. Union work offered better outlets for energies than quiet classrooms. Soon he was working as an organizer in a bitter Chicago taxi strike. In 1938 he became a Midwest textile organizer for the C.I.O. "I was given all the dirty jobs because I was such a hell-raiser," the union head recalled. "Sidney Hillman fired me four times because I wasn't satisfied with recognition, I wanted to fight for union-shop contracts. It took me years to realize Hillman was right." After three years of moving about, he settled down as head of the old United Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employes (C.I.O.) local in St. Louis in May, 1941. "I took the job to prove to Hillman that I could administer an outfit and accept responsibility, that I wasn't just another dime-a-dozen labor leader."

Sixteen years later he had amply proved his point. He built his local from 1,200 to 10,000 members. In 1949 the local, which had disaffiliated from the national, merged with Local 688 of the Teamsters. Before Gibbons, there were three wage scales in union contracts—one for white men, one for white women and one for Negroes. Now there is only one and a contract clause prohibiting job discrimination. The work of his Labor Health Institute has been described by a Harvard investigator as "of a very high order."



Harold Gibbons

Although interested in unions as a twenty-four-hour-a-day social force, Gibbons knows that union leaders do not live by social work alone. Progress has been achieved through acquiring power and using it. As head of 40,000 Teamsters in the $400,000,000-a-year wholesaling business here, he can put pressure on the life-lines of many businesses. His union's decision to respect—or not to respect—picket lines of other unions can make or break strikes. When he strikes, he strikes for the jugular.

Some business leaders charge that the hard-bargaining Teamsters have driven firms out of St. Louis by levying employer contributions of 12 per cent of the payroll for union-run health, insurance and pension programs. Gibbons has answered this charge by saying, "Bad management and under-capitalization, not union contracts, are what bankrupt sound businesses. Sure, if I'm stronger than another guy, I have power over him. But if I'm weaker, others have power over me. I've not set up the world. My job is to live in it and to organize." Gibbons decides for himself what business firms deserve union concessions and what ones don't on the basis of comprehensive economic reports prepared by his research staff.

One firm that has received unusual consideration from his Teamsters is the local branch of Sears, Roebuck & Co. One of his lieutenants signed a contract for the Teamsters to represent some seventy repairmen of Dependable Appliance Service Inc., when the newly incorporated group arranged last June to service electrical appliances sold by Sears here. The Teamsters agreed upon a rate of $2.45 an hour. Their men replaced seventy members of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers who had previously been employed by Sears to do the job at $2.65 an hour. Teamster leaders put on a pained expression at the suggestion that there was collusion in this neat knifing operation.

UNION members and even a few employers shuffle in and out of the busy Gibbons' modest office, where he deals with local and national problems simultaneously over a battery of telephones. Local 688 pays him $15,000 a year and his union jobs provide generous expense accounts. His work as secretary-treasurer of Local 688, president of Teamsters Joint Council 13 in St. Louis, secretary-treasurer of the Central Conference of Teamsters and head of the national warehouse division of the international brotherhood leaves him little time for two hobbies—watching prizefights and reading. To his associates he remains an enigma. Even his wife, an art-history major in college, refers to him as "Gibbons." When he lectured

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at one of Sumner Slichter's Harvard seminars last month, he dropped his profanity but not his forcefulness. To date he has also retained his strong class-consciousness and sympathy for the underdog. This Irish idealist is a strong supporter of Israel, a proponent of national health insurance and a cop-hater.

Cop-hating is understandable, considering his background as a union organizer. Gibbons has a record of arrests for labor violence dating back to 1937. Once the well-tailored unionist was taken to jail from a big Democratic Party dinner here. The Police Department last summer hustled out of town an ex-convict troubleshooter for the Teamsters who had appeared just when the first violence had flared up against Gibbons' opponents in a taxi strike.

GIBBONS protects his men from Washington as well as from race prejudice and the police. After Eisenhower's election in 1952, he called in his staff for a month-long think session. The result was a model five-year contract providing the job and union security Washington could no longer assure. Built in were wage boosts, cost-of-living increases, provisions for a guaranteed annual wage and health, insurance and pension benefits. The union retains the right to strike on a grievance. One company lawyer pointed out, "Why should Gibbons worry about the duration of a contract like that, written on a 'Heads I win, tails you lose' basis?" Other company officials regarded the contract as a valuable albeit expensive investment in labor peace. The contract illustrates how Gibbons increases his power by realizing that great oaks from little acorns grow. Unlike some who think big, Gibbons sees his first duty is to the 10,000 St. Louis union members who pay his salary.

Gibbons' next step, in the case of contracts, was to bring minimum standards into force throughout the twelve-state domain of the Central Conference of Teamsters, so that business men could not bypass him by handling their business through other cities. This led to a model six-year contract covering more than 200,000 men in the area.

The next step is to protect these men from undercutting by non-union Southern workers. Gibbons and Hoffa feel that the Teamsters cannot organize the South unless it is certain that East Coast shippers and truckers would respect its picket lines. To this end the two men decided to help the discredited ILA and to side against the "angels" in the fight for control of East Coast Teamster locals. Gibbons admitted he had heard rumors about the integrity of some of these Eastern associates, but tossed them off. Apparently anyone who is loyal, useful and out of jail can meet his test of morality. At times like this he finds helpful his own advice to underlings, "You are not to hesitate to use your right to arbitrary defense of the union when confronted with anti-union conduct on the part of any member."

In explaining away such developments, Gibbons frequently invokes idealistic ends. A favorite phrase is, "We do this because it is practical and good for the soul." Others call this double motivation a mask for hypocrisy, charging that Gibbons does what pays off best and lets the rationalizations follow later. Some colleagues say he is a practical idealist. Others call him a union boss dedicated to the Teamsters—right or wrong.

GIBBONS' interest in power has naturally led him into politics. Here again he started at the bottom, building a strong power base among union members and their wives in St. Louis. Semi-annual "beef sessions," where union members air their gripes on the ward level, are required by Local 688's constitution. At the first of these meetings in 1951, rank-and-file members listed public transit as their major complaint. As a result the union circulated a petition creating a metropolitan board to draft a charter for an area-wide transit authority. One Teamsters business agent has been elected to the state senate, thanks in part to the door-bell ringing efforts of his comrades. The community-action leader also dabbles in rat control and juvenile delinquency, as well as in advertising unionism on local disc jockeys' programs. The militant liberal was silent when one Teamsters member lost his job after invoking the Fifth Amendment at a Congressional hearing on communism here last June.

"Gibbons isn't so big he can't stoop to pay back a grudge, no matter how small it is," a political associate has noted. In 1954, Gibbons refused to support Democrat Eugene Buder for Congress, even though Buder was an outstanding liberal. Gibbons' reason was that Buder's law partner had defeated the Teamsters in an injunction suit. Buder lost in a respectable showing against a Republican incumbent. The Gibbons-backed independent finished third with 2,686 out of 154,529 votes cast.

IN NATIONAL politics Gibbons insists he is an independent, although he was a delegate to the 1956 Democratic National Convention. In effect, he is non-party, being his own man first, last and always. Unlike Dave Beck, he does not enjoy hobnobbing with Republicans. In 1956 he tried for the role of power behind the throne by backing Averell Harriman. In 1960 he could be a leader in splitting the liberal Democrats from the Dixiecrats.

The momentum of the balding, hard-working Gibbons is far from spent. At present much depends upon the continued rise of Jimmy Hoffa, to whom he has hitched his wagon. Gibbons is fully capable of driving his own rig, should Congressional investigations or time drive them apart.

It is certain Gibbons will continue to push hard and range far, relying upon tactics shaped by a tough bargaining attitude, a fantastic and sometimes unscrupulous devotion to goals and a mind always three steps ahead of his immediate object. If he has a tragic flaw it may be, as one neutral observer has said, that "He will not let considerations of middle-class morality stand in the way of his ambitions. Harold Gibbons may be surprised some day to find out that most Americans are concerned about just this kind of morality, even more than they are about his goals."

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SEX SCARES the PROFESSOR . . *by David Cort*

THE MORE NAIVE newspapers had galvanizing news in January: "Americans are becoming victims of a sex mania as malign as cancer . . . in the same manner that marked the downfall of . . . Rome and Greece. . . . Sex bribery and blackmail . . . are now as prevalent as monetary corruption. . . . Sexually infamous persons or their proteges" occupy high office. "Among our public officials, there is a vast legion of profligates, both heterosexual and homosexual."

Hot diggety! The source of these eschatological doom-sayings is *The American Sex Revolution* by Pitirim Sorokin, head of the Harvard Research Center in Creative Altruism. A number of clergymen, pundits and Senator Flanders of Vermont promptly swallowed the bait and tore off in various directions.

The last charge, against people in government, can be examined first, as the most local and easily checked. Reporters are agreed that a brothel is now hard to find in Washington, D. C. The few operators permitted to exist cater chiefly to lobbyists. Professional vice is undercut by the great mass of female government employees, but they have to go to work in the morning. The massage parlors that flourished during the war have long since flown. Across the line, in Virginia and especially Maryland, some small-time vice may occasionally have a big night. But in general Washington is no Sodom.

That leaves the more important sex life of 120,000,000 more or less adult Americans. Before we examine the professor's scandalous accusations, it must be noted that Sorokin is an original and independent thinker. He has a very poor opinion of his fellow sociologists and anthropologists. Originally a Finno-Ugrian in Czarist Rusia, he was an illiterate orphan at ten, imprisoned at seventeen in 1906 and a Kerensky man in the Revolution. The Communists employed, imprisoned, released, condemned and finally exiled him. He invented Harvard's Department of Creative Altruism, which must have something to do with magnanimity. He has had only one wife, a Russian, and seems to be regarded at Harvard as a nice old gentleman who gardens. With his thirtieth book, he confirms an old pattern of rushing into print on the subject of sex.

The professor's intensely personal insult to every American is entitled to a fair hearing. If he is right, we are in serious trouble and had better overlook the insult. The reference of sex mores to national history may not be a popular specialty, but it is certainly a valid one. If there is a relationship, we want to know it.

However, Professor Sorokin's use of history to support his case that "sexual anarchy" and national decadence coincide is such as to strengthen anybody's suspicion that anthropology is not a science, but rather an amateur sport that any number can play. His proofs must therefore be briefly reviewed here.

For example, in trying to connect sexual austerity with an advancing culture, he says that the introduction of Christian chastity brought culture to the Teutonic tribes. But the barbaric Teutons were chaste; Christian culture coincided with the debauchery of the Frankish Merovingian and Carolingian courts.

Sorokin lists the twelfth to sixteenth centuries as the most disorderly until modern times. But these had the most rigid code of chivalry, and the two omitted, the seventeenth and eighteenth, were far more disorderly, both sexually and politically. Indeed, the professor's most horrible examples are then drawn from these latter, which also produced some of the greatest ornaments of our culture.

As "proof" that sexual indulgence shortens life, he shows that 332 monarchs died on the average earlier than 3,090 Christian saints (of a total of about 20,000). This is such a rank example of comparing pigs and pitchforks that one begins to wonder. A king becomes a king at any age simply by the death of his predecessor; a saint must have lived long enough to prove himself a saint even to get into the records. A king is usually a product of inbreeding and intense family supervision; a saint is generally a vigorous specimen from the mass of people. A great many kings were severely repressed; a great many saints started as spectacular rakehells, *viz.* Saint Augustine, Saint Ignatius Loyola, Saint Francis of Assisi, *et al.* A king is not conditioned to be what a saint is, especially long-lived; or what a plumber or high hurdler is.

"Most European countries," Sorokin says, "are barely maintaining their populations." Flatly untrue. Population increases between the thirties and the latest census run from 10 to 20 per cent in England and Wales, Italy, Denmark, Yugoslavia and Sweden, in that ascending order. Even France shows a small increase.

SOROKIN refers loosely to "excess-sexual activity" as if "normal" were exactly the same for everybody including the professor, who is now sixty-eight. The late Kinsey pointed

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out sadly that the wide differences of opinion held by educators on sex instruction were contested by people who might have had only one or two sexual experiences a year as against others with ten or twenty a week, and that neither of these groups could ever understand what the others were talking about. Kinsey certainly proved, and observation confirms, an enormous variation in performance. Taking his median frequency for married men's heterosexual intercourse, the United States figures for successive five-year periods from ages twenty-one to sixty were 634, 561, 491, 447, 379, 288, 244 and 205, or a virtual life total of 3,249. To begrudge the "median" man any of this is not nice, especially since a few men do as well in two years, according to Kinsey. With only two at-bats a week in his best years, this "median" American seems all too immune to sex mania, sex anarchy or the professor's bad dream.

The professor cites juvenile delinquency as one proof of the general demoralization of our society. Yet the New York City Health Board has found that 75 per cent of the delinquents come from the same 1 per cent of the city's families—those characterized by alcoholism, drugs, mental illness, disability, desertion, violence and/or sexual immorality. This 1 per cent must compare very favorably with serf life in feudal times or even Dickens' Victorian London. I cannot compare it with a century certified as virtuous by Sorokin, for he names none.

He makes much of the appearances, plain to everybody, in the present American moment. The police courts, jails, insane asylums, psychiatrists, divorce courts, are indeed all busy; adultery is a commonplace in all dramatic media; the provocative picture of the female is indeed seen everywhere; a show of leg and bosom is obligatory for news photographers at air terminals. But whether these phenomena are all related is unknown to Sorokin or me. He gives other data: a quarter of America's forty-five million children do not live with both parents (maybe they're away at school or orphans); every twenty-fifth wife has been deserted (was it ever better?); abortions are between "330,000 and 1,000,000 annually" (which is it?); illegitimate births were thirty-eight of every thousand in 1947 (what happened afterward?).

The professor has named the crucial sickness "sex addiction," which must be something like "food addiction" or "air addiction." His gift for overstatement leads to such remarkable understatements as, "Sex is often the main reason for many a Cinderella becoming the wife of a millionaire." (He means only one, not many, to each millionaire; but he thinks even that is horrible.)

Some more recognizable picture of American sex mores is required, if only to comfort the professor. He has overlooked a few small points.

THE FIRST is that society is divided into men and women. The men may be open to sexual debauchery, but ordinarily they must deal with women. Modern women, however, have almost complete control of their own decisions; and their decision is nearly always against an orgy: they prefer something quieter. The profligacy of Ancient Greece and Rome and of the ninth century (the professor admires its nice religious art) was real; it dealt in women who could be bought, controlled and raped. Today only a few Victorian relics are so afraid for their reputations that they can be raped—singly or en masse—without their yelling bloody murder.

The bull market in sex was in the twenties. People growing up then had a frantic view of it that has quite died. People born then, and now around thirty, have had love and sex thoroughly oversold and deflated. Even in twenty-year-olds, there is no automatic enflaming at the sight of a haunch of the opposite sex. These latter groups seem appallingly unromantic to their elders.

Adultery is a commonplace only in certain suburbs and among the inhabitants of bars and grills. Yet a woman who has gotten out of control is exceedingly rare; the men haven't enough energy for a big romance; and even delivery boys grow up.

Visual eroticism is largely bludgeon-selling. It goes to new extremes because it fails to sell competitively and the vendors get desperate. A provocative picture of a woman does not give any useful information about any woman: it can't talk, it doesn't move, it can't have babies. Most men sense this. The only sort of harm the Marilyn Monroes could possibly do would be to persuade all the men to wait for an equivalent; but to believe this possible is to understand nothing.

In a world of visual and imaginative sexuality there may be a good deal of vicarious licentiousness; but I believe that this is largely purgative. Its effects vanish when confronted with real charms. Furthermore, I believe that Americans are increasingly disinclined to leap into an imaginative or transient embrace that offers no hope of a many-sided relationship. A stupid or boring man or woman has a sharply limited choice, no matter what his or her physical beauty.

The professor discredits Freud and the pleasure principle. Yet I believe the psycho-social sciences have tried, and successfully, to recruit the pleasure principle as a booster charge for work, i.e., people are encouraged to choose work they like. The professor obviously has chosen work he likes; his little book uses enough passion to charge a year in a brothel. And if all his readers could find work they like, I don't believe they'd demoralize society.

The final clue to the professor's view of virtue comes late in the book where he explains that sexual anarchy follows when "wives and children [are] emancipated from the absolute power of the *pater familias*." The professor's counter-revolution goes back to J. D. Unwin's *Sex and Culture* (1934) and on back of that. At bottom, when all the nonsense about the necessary "desexualization of our culture" for salvation has been cleared away, Sorokin and Unwin are only echoing the cry of Gregory of Tours, "No one fears his king, no one fears his duke." Sorokin invites us back to a new feudalism where the authoritative *pater familias* can bang an iron fist into a dead silence, as all the delinquent lascivious eyes are cast down.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Schlesinger: Right Crisis — Wrong Order

THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER: 1919-1933. Volume I of *THE AGE OF ROOSEVELT.* By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Co. $6.

William Appleman Williams

INTRODUCTORY installments of multi-volume biographies cast in the "life-and-times" format may be compared with operatic overtures: only the best can stand alone. Either the background merits intensive and extended development on its own, or the themes and central arguments could be stated more clearly and to greater usefulness in the form of a short, rigorous essay. Hence it is only to salute Professor Schlesinger's intelligence and talent to conclude that he almost realizes the ideal. But the gap remains: the highly distilled essence of this volume would provide a far more powerful introduction to the study of the Roosevelt Era which is yet to come.

Thus the reader will find paragraphs of keen analysis, sections of exciting and living description, and passages of moving evocation of attitudes and moods. The most brilliant portion is Schlesinger's dissection of Roosevelt's character and temperament, and his outlook on Man and the world (pp. 386-87, 409-10). This analysis not only provokes an abiding, bowel-stirring uneasiness about the American conception and practice of *noblesse oblige;* it leaves one in sadness that Schlesinger should have to mouth the banality about its being "subjective, of course." Schlesinger has given us *the* Roosevelt, once and for all: let us admit this and go on from there.

Almost as much may be said of some portions of Schlesinger's reconstruction of the depression. By no means all of it is art, let alone superior description. But parts of it are so powerful that the reader is apt to mistake the smoke from his cigarette for the frosty breath of a novice hobo squatting on the fringes of a jungle in Iowa. For those who have the memories to twitch, the passages prompt us to drop the book and pace the picture window to exorcise the anxiety. And, in some respects at least, not even the phonograph records and the newsreels of the event capture what Schlesinger gives us of Roosevelt's inauguration.

But we could have all this in a hundred pages; perhaps less, for there are more than occasional lapses where Schlesinger's flow of language insulates us from the feel, as well as from the substance of the story. As for the rest of it, either it has been done better by other leading entrepreneurs of the booming Roosevelt Industry, or it must be done far more thoroughly and rigorously before it can be summarized accurately, let alone with wit, insight, flavor and verve. And it is this latter weakness which undercuts the basic thesis advanced by Schlesinger in this volume, and which might subvert the full study.

THE central clue to Schlesinger's inability to resolve the dilemma of the introductory volume *vs.* the sharply formulated essay lies in his treatment of the 1920s in general, and of Herbert Hoover in particular. Not that he neglects the period. Indeed, he worries it unmercifully. But while Schlesinger may master Roosevelt, he has already lost his one fall match with Hoover. For he simply fails to be done with Hoover; either as a tragic hero or as a pathetic failure, or by dispatching him to the Gehenna of New Liberalism or to the Old Conservatives' Valhalla. Hence the reader comes away from the book with the distinct sense that Schlesinger is more concerned and fretful over the twenties *per se* than he is interested in reviewing the decade as the prelude to the Roosevelt Era. This, too, measures Schlesinger's underlying comprehension of Twentieth Century America. But it also provides the key to the basic contradiction in his central thesis.

For if, as Schlesinger correctly asserts, the roots of the Age of Roosevelt go back to Populism, and more especially to the Square Deal of Theodore Roosevelt's New Nationalism, then the real Crisis of the Old Order occurred in the panic and the depression of the 1890s. And this, in turn, means that the Crash and depression of 1929 *et. seq.* was not the Crisis of the Old Order at all, but rather the last adolescent paroxysm of the New Order as it lurched into the maturity of full-blown corporatism. What Schlesinger has done, in short, is to stretch one phase—or stage—of American history far beyond its actual limit. The result is a skewed perspective on, and a faulty understanding of, the men, ideas and programs of the years 1890-1933 (and later).

SCHLESINGER'S harsh picture and judgment of the bankers offers a convenient point at which to initiate a consideration of these results. He seeks to cinch and dramatize his thesis of the Crisis of the Old Order by emphasizing the failure and the helplessness of the bankers (pp. 457-59, 474-81). Now a banking crisis existed, and no one need fear that this criticism is based on the absurd assumption that the depression never occurred, or the argument that is was essentially moderate in scope and depth.

The key point is quite different: the banking crisis can be equated with the Crisis of the Old Order only by assuming or defining finance capitalism to be the final institutional form of the Old Order. But this is precisely what finance (or investment) capitalism was not: financial capitalism was the institutional technique devised and employed between 1890 and 1910 to effect the transition from the old individualistic cap-

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italism to the new corporate capitalism.

Once this essential difference is understood, it becomes possible to outline the two central developments of the period from 1890 to 1926-27; and hence to grasp the fact that the crisis of 1926 *et. seq.* was a crisis of the new corporate capitalism. One line of events concerns the intellectual and political reactions to the fundamental shift from individual to corporate capitalism. The other pattern deals with what happened within the economy itself. Since the basic changes of the economy provoked the responses, it is more fruitful to consider them first.

Schlesinger ignores the central economic pattern of the years 1890-1933. This was the corporation's reassertion, along about 1926-27, of its economic independence of the investment, or financial, capitalist. The fact that the corporation was faced with the problem of doing this goes back to the crisis of the 1890s. That crisis had two sides. The negative aspect was the collapse of the old individualistic capitalist. But that deflation left the young corporation without the funds required to exploit the opportunity, and so sustain the system itself. The urgency of the situation is documented by the extent and tone of the social and political crisis. The Old Order had been dying since the Panic of 1873, and without capital for corporate rationalization and expansion the system itself would have collapsed.

The capital was supplied by external savings garnered and controlled by the investment bankers. The corporation hired this money and paid for it by signing over control of the key decisions. A few corporations realized the consequences before the act, and chose to skimp along on smaller profits until they could save enough to control their own expansion. Others had such a sure-fire product that they could, with less effort, likewise circumvent the bankers. Ford is an example of both considerations in one corporation.

But the corporation held the trump card, for it, and not the bankers, was the productive element in the economy. Hence it was only a matter of time until the corporation accumulated enough savings to buy itself back, so to speak, from the investment banker. In this process, of course, World War I was a windfall for the corporation. For the government itself stepped in as a supplier of outside savings for expansion, and this greatly accelerated the rate at which the corporation reasserted its power over the bankers.

The boom markets of the early twenties, foreign as well as domestic, enabled the corporation to finish the job. But this success only confronted the corporation with full responsibility for continued expansion. This difficulty was compounded by the fact that foreign loans, which underwrote part of the post-war market expansion, had reached the saturation point in most areas, and in some cases had already begun to default. This had two results: it accelerated the collapse of the bankers, which was already assured by the corporation's reassertion of economic sovereignty; but it also accentuated the difficulties of the corporation because it had come to rely on the markets originally financed by the bankers and by the government. Schlesinger is quite correct in pointing out the failure to underwrite continued domestic markets by cutting prices and raising wages. But he makes a signal error in seeing this mid-twenties collapse of the investment banker as the central crisis. For the basic structural crisis concerned the corporation itself.

CORPORATION correspondence and literature after 1926 is filled with a growing concern over markets. Three solutions received more and more attention. A small group concentrated on the virtues of establishing plants abroad, planning to bring the profits home through the international money exchange. Another group, remembering the benefits of government action during the war, began to badger the government to step in with foreign loans. Still others looked to Russia as the great market to resolve the problem. These last two approaches converged during the last months of Hoover's term in the successful demand for the government to begin underwriting exports to the Soviet Union.

By then it was too late: the corporation needed much more much faster. But the crisis concerned the new corporate order, not an older order; and in overlooking this Schlesinger misses the real clue to dealing effectively with Hoover himself. The same consideration weakens his outline of the system of ideas being forged by Roosevelt and his advisors.

Schlesinger's thesis holds that Roosevelt found himself, in the flux of the crisis, and "with the campaign scarcely underway, . . . in the center of a triangle of advice: at one corner, integration and social planning; at another, retrenchment, budget balancing, and *laissez faire;* at a third, trust busting and government regulation." This is a convenient summary, and as sound, as far as it goes, as his view that these proposals came down to 1932 as the descendants of TR's New Nationalism, Wil-

The Witch of Endor

The women anciently famed in Israel
Came in heroic size. For human appeal,
However, hard as nails (e. g. Jael
Especially, I'd say, was hard as a nail).

Or else without a character at all:
Take Abishag—though doubtless she was hot
(That was the point), they might have done as well
With warming pans, for David knew her not.

One fine girl, though, was the old witch whom Saul
Consulted on the last night of his life.
Knowing how Samuel's word must make him feel
She made his bed and cooked him a breaded veal.
She would have been his best bet for a wife
Had she foreseen him any time at all.

HOWARD NEMEROV

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son's New Freedom, and a senile infatuation of the old individualistic capitalist for Adam Smith's "lazy fairy." He goes even further, in one or two places, and toys briefly with the proposition that the New Nationalism and the New Freedom had merged in the heat and pressures of World War I. But he drops this part of his analysis, and as a result his treatment of the twenties is seriously weakened.

ONE of the principal reasons for this is the dilemma inherent in trying to save the system by integration and social planning. For the corporate giants can be controlled only by using organized labor, and this strengthens an engine which drives the system toward syndicalism or socialism. But if, from this fear, the corporate rulers are allowed to control the basic features of integration and planning, then the system drifts into what Reinhold Niebuhr (to whom Schlesinger dedicates his volume) once called "The New Feudalism." A spirit of *noblesse oblige* may moderate the lesser evils of such an order, but it cannot make it either democratic or new.

Wilson and his advisors sought to resolve the problem by building a cross-class alliance which would give them the power and the authority of the national government. This, so they thought, would be sufficient to bust the trusts and regulate the short-sighted selfishness of the corporation. Two difficulties intervened. Trust busting and regulation always come after the fact; and even if successfully pursued legally only serve to destroy or restrict one institutional entrepreneur without putting much in its place.

As with the New Nationalism, therefore, the New Freedom lowered its eyes at the para-legal reorganization of the trust or corporation, and turned to supporting overseas economic expansion as the next best remedy. But this afforded no solution because the little fellow could not compete in the international league of the old pros. Even the domestic giants had difficulties.

By 1920, therefore, the two corners of Schlesinger's triangle, labeled integration-planning, and trust-busting regulation, had for all practical and consequential purposes merged into one. And this, of course, was the program which Herbert Hoover outlined in *American Individualism* and endeavored to implement as Secretary of Commerce and as President. It is fundamentally wrong, therefore, to view Hoover either as an astute man trying to save the Old Order, or as an isolationist. He was trying desperately to rationalize the New Order, and correct its dangerous myopia, before it suffered the fate of individualistic capitalism.

As for foreign affairs, it is very misleading to label as an isolationist a man who defined the key problem of America foreign policy in the following terms:

> The hope of our commerce lies in the establishment of American firms abroad, distributing American goods under American direction; in the building of direct American financing and, above all, in the installation of American technology in Russian industries . . . [so that] Americans can undertake the leadership in the reconstruction of Russia when the proper moment arrives.

Hoover wanted a corporate economy in dynamic equilibrium: directed at home by a triumvirate composed of trade associations, capitalistic labor unions, and intellectual corporate bureaucrats in Washington; and drawing outside investment funds from the surplus returns on foreign investment, while balancing the import of raw materials with the export of industrial goods. And to state it bluntly, not a single New Dealer mentioned by Schlesinger had at that time anything to approach Hoover's overall conception. They could spot its weaknesses, as in agriculture, and propose correctives of a sort, but not one of them offered an equally coherent formulation of the idea—*let alone a radical alternative.*

IF THIS is not enough to explain Schlesinger's difficulty with Hoover, the political aspects of the story are quite sufficient to finish the job. Schlesinger holds that "modern science and technology render political centralization inevitable; one must either accept power or reshuffle it," and concludes that "the best hope for individual freedom lies in the chinks and fissures created by the reshuffling process."

Explicitly and implicitly, Schlesinger maintains that all great problems are unsolvable. Hoover hangs hard to the proposition that man either resolves this particular problem or gives up the idea of democracy. This makes him a truly tragic figure, aware that either democracy is structured institutionally, or society devolves toward totalitarianism relieved only by continued overseas expansion or a more rapid circulation of elites. But continued expansion begets war, and relief by arms subverts the substance of democracy into the rhetoric of freedom. And an elitist version of the old game of musical chairs does the same thing.

ON THE one hand, therefore, Hoover drew back from a willy-nilly expansion of government in domestic affairs, or its similar expansion abroad, fearing fascism as the con-

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Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s

The Crisis of the Old Order

1919-1933

★

"There is no other account of the booming 1920's and the dismal early 1930's so vivid and sharp . . . Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. will have many successors who will, in one way or another, write Ages of Roosevelt, I doubt, however, if any of them will recreate those years with more evocative power or reach more deeply into the ethos of the man who was being prepared to be the hero of his time." — *Rexford Guy Tugwell, Chicago Sun-Times.*

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sequence. But he recognized, on the other hand, the revolutionary probabilities of a reactionary return to the Old Order of individualistic capitalism. Thus the double malaise: he was concerned to "make asurance doubly sure" in view of the terrible alternatives, and then he was paralyzed by his fear that Roosevelt's emphasis on action would reap one or the other of the consequences.

And in one short phrase, Schlesinger substantiates Hoover's anxiety over Roosevelt's approach to the crisis. Reviewing the attempted assassination in Florida, Schlesinger concludes the story with the observation that "Roosevelt, it was clear, really lacked physical fear." But the absence of fear is not courage, for courage is defined by a sharp consciousness of the danger overruled by a sense of responsibility. The courageous man can live with fear because he understands that it is not the central problem. The coward also knows this, but for many reasons surrenders anyway. Only the man who lacks fear can tell others that the only thing they have to fear is fear itself, and maintain that the central danger is a lack of action.

NOW THE proposition that all we have to fear is fear itself is an inspiring half-truth, to be sure, and one which did yeoman service for a short spell. But it is nevertheless a half-truth. And a particularly dangerous one in the bargain. Hoover understood this, and hence his deep concern. In his administration, of course, Roosevelt never came face to face with either danger so feared by Hoover; and this will enable Schlesinger to avoid a straightforward confrontation of the problem. But no study of the Age of Roosevelt can stand as definitive unless it is cast in these terms.

For we do have more, very much more, to fear than simply fear itself. Among other things, for example, there is the axiom that all the great problems are unsolvable. They may be, but once we admit it then the only Grail that remains is power itself. Contrary to Lord Acton, there is no need to get much of it under those circumstances, for we shall already have corrupted ourselves.

Mr. Auden and Clio

THE CRITERION BOOK OF MODERN AMERICAN VERSE. Edited by W. H. Auden. Criterion Books. $5.

THE OLD MAN'S ROAD. By W. H. Auden. Voyages Press. $1.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

WITH his customary quick omniscience, W. H. Auden has put together an unpredictable and original, if not altogether distinguished, anthology of modern American verse, very different from his and Norman Holmes Pearson's authoritative *Poets of the English Language.* He gives a place to some neglected poems and figures and to *vers de société,* but makes some unfortunate omissions and some rather arbitrary inclusions. There is a Wodehousian breeziness in the misspelling of names,* the slightly mishmash quality of the pieces, and the absence of declared principles of selection. The introduction, an essay first printed in *The Anchor Review* in 1955, is barely relevant and begins with a dazzling inaccuracy: "One often hears it said that only in this century have the writers of the United States learned to stand on their feet and be truly American, that, previously, they were slavish imitators of British literature." One *never,* as a matter of fact, hears it said any more, and Mr. Auden's ensuing demonstration that we did too have a truly American literature before this century is a triumphant recapitulation of the utterly familiar. But our poetry—Lord bless it and keep it—generally rises superior to anthological impediments and roadblocks. After its lopsided fashion *The Criterion Book,* no exception to this rule, contains much that is pleasant and some things that are exciting, and is an unusual example of lighthearted editing in a heavy-hearted age.

MR. AUDEN brings us also a small new pamphlet of verse. The seven poems of *The Old Man's Road,* says its jacket, are "a series of reflections on the nature and process of history." We cannot quite resist asking whence cometh the intimacy, which Mr. Auden has always exhibited, with Clio, "Muse of the unique historical fact"? Did *you,* for instance, know that she "looks like any ordinary girl one has not noticed"—"approachable" but not as if she "ever read" the poets?

Perhaps such questions are irrelevant, and perhaps it is equally irrelevant to say that the *thought* in these poems is really very tired. The book opens on a note of sentimentalized and pragmatized piety. True religious history ("the Old Man's Road"), we are told, is not a matter of creeds or theories but runs

> Across the Great Schism, through our whole landscape,
> Ignoring God's Vicar and God's Ape....
>
> The Old Man leaves his road to those
> Who love it no less since it lost purpose....

Among the messages that follow in succeeding poems are these: it may be more admirable for cultured folk at the fag-ends of civilizations to indulge themselves in their hyper-sophisticated pursuits to the end than to engage in vain histrionics (the half-ironies of this poem make it possible to argue that the poet is actually taking the opposite position); Clio loves not the supposed "great" men of an era but the makers of concrete, useful things; wonderful things have been accomplished purely by mistake; absolute and extreme vows and commitments are dangerous; and time, which is so great a healer, is also the reconciler of man to his sufferings.

Ordinarily we ought to disdain the reduction of poems to their bare thematic bones. It should be self-evident that poets do not in general pretend to be great primary thinkers, but use ideas as they use other elements of composition — as important but subordinate aspects of the poems they make. Mr. Auden, however, is so clearly bent on teaching us, his aim is so essentially didactic, that it is particularly important to take note of just what he wishes us to learn. Even if we add that the poems are of course not *merely* didactic, that they are variously wry, sardonic, and "sincere" in an informal but determined sort of way, we can see that his rhetorical devices for intriguing us (and himself) are part of the message. We (and he) are to accept the validity of religious faith and Mr. Auden's allied attitudes in part because we are able to look at history in a humorous, knowledgeable, wittily condescending way; entranced by fairy lore and the logic of childhood, we are smilingly to accept the limitations of human intelligence and foresight, and so on. This is the subtlest kind of forensic art.

Still there remains a residue of unfairness, perhaps. Never to judge a book by its tendencies remains a good rule. As this poet himself says, even "banalities can be beautiful." The ques-

*For example, "Trumble" Stickney, John Crowe "Ranson," "Ivor" Winters, Richard "Eberhardt."

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tion then remains whether the sheer intrinsic appeal of the poetry as something created does not outweigh the tendentiousness. Despite the odds, we expect, and receive, a good showing from Auden. No notable advance in technique, no heights of intensity, and always that self-echoing of his that is apparently inescapable. But "C. 500 A. D." is perfect light verse—a greeting to the future from "the last Romanico-Briton, / Taking the last hot bath." Similarly, "The Epigoni" summons up at once, and with the gentlest sarcasm, a recurrent predicament and mood of doomed civilizations:

No use invoking Apollo in a case
like theirs;
The pleasure-loving gods had died
in their chairs
And would not get up again, not
one of them, ever,
Though guttural tribes had crossed
the Great River,
Roasting their dead and with no
name for the yew....

Exceptionally seductive is the music of "Homage to Clio," and its subtle mixture of sensuous and ratiocinative:

Our hill has made its submission
and the green
Swept on into the north; around
me,
From morning to night, flowers
duel incessantly,
Colour against colour, in combats
Which they all win....

The seductiveness is not just a matter of fine passages. Auden remains the virtuoso who can keep a poem going in a great many ways, through sound-modulations, changes of tone and voice, breadth of association:

. . . Artemis,
Aphrodite, are Major Powers and
all wise
Castellans will mind their p's
and q's,
But it is you, who have never
spoken up,
Madonna of silences, to whom we
turn
When we have lost control, your
eyes, Clio, into which
We look for recognition after
We have been found out....

The reader of poetry is forbidden by the rules to be a prude. When there is any seductiveness at all about, seduced he must let himself be. If it all depended on *The Old Man's Road,* though, we doubt the affair would last. It's not Clio's fault, poor little historian's-Muse that she is. The real fault lies in that curious didactic forcing which is not quite concealed by the most knowing insinuations and the sweetest flutings this very clever poet can manage.

Downes on Music

OLIN DOWNES ON MUSIC. Edited by Howard Taubman. Simon & Schuster. $5.

B. H. Haggin

THIS VOLUME is a collection of what are offered as some of the best of Downes's writing between 1906 and 1955 and are considered worthy of permanence as a historical record of the period, as examples of excellence in critical writing, and thus as evidence of a task well done. And it is my duty to report my opinion that the collection is made valueless and unreadable as a record by the quality of the taste, mind and prose style of the man who for thirty-one of those years spoke for the New York *Times* on music. Thus, a statement in a 1944 review—"The Menuhin who played the Mendelssohn Concerto is now the matured artist, no longer the student of genius emerging from a certain master's superintendance. Poise and elasticity, stability and lyricism, an authority that never deserted him, an ease which comes only with authority, throughout characterized his playing"—is followed characteristically by qualifications: "It is true that the concerto has, on some other occasions we can mention, burned with a more incandescent flame, and that the slow movement, while it was in no sense breathless or without serenity, was played as fast as its nature would reasonably permit, and with some loss of *Innigkeit*"; but these qualifications give the impression of dealing with small and unimportant matters, and do not give even a hint of what was so saddening in Menuhin's change from student to matured performer—that the tone which had been compact and sweet was now coarse and blowzy, that the phrases which had been long-breathed, sustained and serene were now finicky and chopped up by accent and swells, that much of the playing was now mere high-powered fiddling, rhythmically unsteady and stylistically undistinguished. Downes's review is, then, made inaccurate as historical record by a failure either in critical perception and taste or in candor. (His views on *Fidelio* are a failure in perception and taste; his report on Paderewski's final broadcast a failure in candor.) As for the unprecise mind and its expression in the unprecise writing, here is one of the briefer examples, concerned with the freedom of American criticism from the provincialism of European criticism: "If there is one advantage that we have over other countries of the world where musical traditions are in the ascendant, it is in our degree of orientation toward any fixed tradition, and freedom, in our big musical centers, from the domination of the petty provincial influences.

LETTER FROM ROME

By William Weaver

IN A FEW weeks, it will be exactly four years since the body of Wilma Montesi was found on a lonely beach below Ostia. Meanwhile the trial, to which the dead girl has given her name, drags on in rainy, deserted Venice, a stream of witnesses testify, twenty-four lawyers (Italy's highest-paid legal minds, whose occupation in the case is causing interminable delays in all the other courts in the country) object and harangue and cross-question, the newspapers give almost word-for-word accounts with interpretations that vary according to political hue. And yet the Italian public is generally apathetic.

When the case broke three years ago, it was a different story: then it was impossible to go to somebody's house without getting involved in discussions, which usually started out on the level of simple gossip, but often ended in heated rows and slammed doors. A friend of mine had a cook who came from the same village as Adriana Bisaccia (a star witness); at every dinner party, the cook was called from the kitchen to tell what she "knew." She didn't know anything—a few generic reminiscences—but the guests would hang on every word. And, at that same period, as I was walking along via del Babuino one day, I saw a crowd of at least fifty people standing on the sidewalk: Anna Maria Caglio (the girl who made the accusations in the first place) was eating in a restaurant across the street. I've seen Rita Hayworth go through Rome with less stir.

Nowadays Venice seems terribly remote, and nobody really believes that anything will come of the trial. In fact, the number of times that witnesses say "I don't remember" is becoming a national joke, a rather bitter joke. One witness repeated *non mi ricordo* a hundred and thirteen times. The presiding judge, Dr. Tiberi, is a spare, impec-

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cable man, a cross between Anthony Eden and Clifton Webb, fine-featured and reserved; but at one point even his reserve broke to the point of his interjecting: "This is highly disconcerting."

Disconcerting is hardly the word. What appals one in the Montesi case is its fantastic ramification and the evident impossibility of ever arriving at the truth. It is hard for anyone outside Italy to make heads or tails of the case; it is not easy for Italians either—the report of the pre-trial, official investigation fills ninety-two thick mimeographed volumes. Still, even in this confusion of details, some things are clear. And even if Wilma Montesi's murderer is never identified (a few still insist that she died by accident), the case will have had a lasting effect, and for years to come can serve social historians as a text-book on post-war Italian life.

TO BEGIN with, the defendants are typical, each in his way. The least interesting is Saverio Polito, the ex-chief of Rome's police, accused of having suppressed investigation of the crime. A man whose career was mainly made under Fascism, he weeps on the witness stand, asking the public to sympathize with him, who "once sat in the chair of Questore of Rome, and now before the bar of justice." He gets the sympathy Italians give cops, which is not much. More fascinating and far more repulsive is Ugo Montagna, also accused of complicity in concealing the crime; he appears daily in impeccable, English-styles suits, this son of a poor Sicilian family, an ex-spy and informer, a man who has made it his business—and a profitable one—to be friends with the right people, to do favors, to invite officials and sons of officials to dinner, on trips, to hunting parties at the now infamous preserve, Capocotta. All his record has come out—including his ludicrous falsification of the title of Marchese di San Bartolomeo—and yet he sits imperturbable and assured.

Piero Piccioni, accused of murder (or rather of manslaughter, of having abandoned the girl, ill, to die on the shore) is—as everyone knows—the son of an important political figure; a playboy, a jazz enthusiast, he frequents a kind of Italian cafe society, composed of movie producers, film actresses (Alida Valli is involved in his alibi), the sons and daughters of successful middle-class families, soundly Demochristian, many of them living in Parioli, Rome's modern, hideous, expensive residential district.

And the "Accuser No. 1", the "black swan", the "figlia del secolo", Anna Maria Caglio is a girl from a good Milanese family, who came to Rome, barely in her twenties, with a yen to go on the stage. She had a letter of introduction to a government official. He presented her to Montagna, as somebody who could help her; she became his mistress.

LIKE the defendants, la Caglio has always moved in upper-middle-class circles. Below them come the other characters in the story, who give a full and often depressing cross-section of Italian society. "Wilma was a saint!" the signora Montesi cried at one point in the trial, and some observers feel that the Montesi family is more horrified at the idea of their daughter's reputation being questioned than they are interested in finding her murderer. For the Montesi's are the picture of Italian respectability, just hovering on the brink of poverty. The thin, worried-looking father has his own carpenter shop; the two daughters, Wilma and Wanda, slept on cots in the dining room. For a while, during the investigations, the Montesi's phone was tapped; the police overheard no new clues, but they did hear the signora dickering with magazine editors over prices for "memoirs". People in the Montesi's position cannot afford to be sentimental about money.

And still lower in the scale come the semi-literate workman who saw the body, the local drunk who went around saying he had seen Piccioni and Wilma together (now he denies it), the caretakers of the hunting preserve and their wives, whose stories all conflict and are filled with *non ricordo's*—either because, as some think, they have been "bought", or simply because they are afraid of sticking their necks out, of getting in wrong—which, in Italy, for a poor man can spell lifelong disaster.

The police themselves do not cut a fine figure in the case. First the investigations of Wilma's death seem perfunctory, if not downright evasive. Then there is an unhappy coincidence: the log-book of the Ostia police station, where the schedule of the policemen's beats is recorded and signed, has acquired an inkstain on the very page of the day of Wilma's death. And, the ex-chief of Italian Police was one of Montagna's companions.

The ink-stain, the general amnesia of the witnesses, the lack of concrete evidence—all point to an eventual dismissal of the case. But if the trial does nothing else, it will confirm the average Italian in two of his most profound beliefs: (1) don't trust the police, and (2) if you know the right person you can get away with it. Ugo Montagna's photograph recently appeared in all the papers, showing the "Marchese" in church, his hand in the holy-water font. But his attitude was not one of prayer; he looked perfectly confident that he will come out on top. And, things being what they are, perhaps he will.

THEATRE and FILM

Robert Hatch

IT IS a fallacy of the trade that a reviewer can, or should, have a useful opinion about everything produced in the theatre. For example, I have no advice worth transmitting about *Good as Gold,* now on view at the Belasco. I can tell you that it has no merit as a play, but that is very much like telling you that Miami Beach has no merit as a ski resort. It is not meant to be a play in any serious definition of that term; it was constructed by a knowing trio—John Patrick, Cheryl Crawford and Albert Marre—as a bridge across an idle evening. If you are in the market for that form of service and can afford the prices charged by Patrick, Crawford, Marre & Co., *Good as Gold* will carry you safely from 8:40 p.m. to 10:50 p.m. or thereabouts. I made the trip in perfect comfort and, since the ticket most me nothing, I didn't mind that I was going nowhere.

There is a rumor about that *Good as Gold* contains elements of political satire. This, perhaps, should be scotched or customers will feel cheated. It concerns a young botanist who has discovered that he can change gold into a super-dirt that will grow vegetables of enormous size (some of these are produced on stage, and are indeed very large). He shows up in Washington to petition Congress for the contents of Fort Knox, and this gives opportunities for politicians to make political speeches, for FBI agents to behave foolishly and

HAROLD CLURMAN, who is directing Tennesse Williams' Orpheus Descending, *is at present out of town supervising the pre-Broadway tryouts.*

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for various characters to drop the names of President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles. The audience laughs happily when these names are mentioned, though nothing remotely funny is said. This shows a hunger for political satire, but *Good as Gold* provides political whimsy—as bloodless as jello.

Roddy McDowall, Zero Mostel (got up in a Walt Whitman rig), and Paul Ford bandy the lines with good-humored tolerance; Loretta Leversee is a pretty girl afflicted by an alarmingly synthetic smile.

IT SEEMED reasonable to expect that *The Spirit of St. Louis,* a picture running well over two hours and devoted entirely to Charles A. Lindbergh, would offer some insight into the mind and character of that complex and somewhat forbidding man. It does not do so. Although ostensibly taken from Lindbergh's intensely personal and searching journal, it could as well be based on the literally countless Sunday features that have been written about Lucky Lindy, the Lone Eagle. The account is entirely bland and the character evoked fits James Stewart so perfectly that you could believe Lindbergh was invented to accommodate his familiar screen personality.

On the other hand, the agonizing trip across the Atlantic, with the solitary pilot fighting off sleep, ice, the panic of not knowing where he is; the picturesque flashbacks to the romantic, now idyllic, early days of aviation; some fine aerial photography in excellent color, make this picture a handsome and effective, if over-long, spectacle. Major factual details of plane design and operation are undoubtedly correct (some minor dramatic details look cute and implausible), and the picture gives a vivid impression of the casual bravado with which we began our adventures in the air.

It will come as no surprise that, blinded by searchlights over Le Bourget, exhausted, confused, unable longer to control his plane, Lindbergh calls on God for help and immediately finds himself safely on the ground. Divine intervention is now so deeply-engrained in the Hollywood credo that I would expect a screen biography of Mencken to disclose that he asked—and received—supernatural aid in editing *Smart Set.*

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

WITH HIS superb performances of Mahler's Second Symphony *(Resurrection)* with the New York Philharmonic Bruno Walter concluded what he has announced is the last of such periods of guest-conducting with this orchestra or any other. He was eighty years old this year; and though he will continue to conduct he is reducing his commitments. Thus the career of another of the major figures in the musical life of the past fifty years is nearing its end.

The observances of Walter's eightieth birthday in the press and elsewhere have been concerned not only with the musician but with the person; and Columbia's have included not only the recordings of the Mozart Requiem and Symphonies K.543 and 551 reviewed in this column recently, but a record for free distribution, *Bruno Walter in Conversation with Arnold Michaelis* (BW-80), on which Walter "speaks to us from the serene plateau of mature understanding about music, musicians and life." And on the envelope of a popular-priced promotion record, *Bruno Walter: The Sound of Genius* (WZ-1), a collection of bits of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Johann Strauss and Mahler, Columbia printed an appreciation of Walter by the English critic Neville Cardus, who writes among other things that Walter "has maintained a balance between mind and imagination, reason and feeling," and that "there has always been courtesy in Bruno Walter's conducting, as in the man himself. He does not tyrannize music or musicians; he draws the best out of both by love and good manners. He is less happily described as the Maestro than as the Chevalier or Grand Seigneur."

I REMEMBER Walter's first appearance with the New York Symphony in 1923, and his performance of an unfamiliar Mozart symphony with a lightness, grace and sparkle that were a revelation in Mozart style; and I remember that his performance of Strauss's *Don Quixote* made me laugh more than any I have heard since. I also remember a delightful performance of *Cosi fan Tutte* which he conducted in Salzburg in 1928; but in Vienna a few months later I heard *Cosi* conducted by Strauss in a sharper-contoured, keener-witted manner that made Walter's performance seem soft and amorphous; and thus I was made aware for the first time of the defect that Toscanini described in an observation reported to me in Salzburg in 1937: "When Walter comes to something beautiful he melts." The melting over Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert has continued in the years since then, and has produced performances which have been increasingly nerveless, soft and flabby. But the amorphously sprawling musical structures of Mahler, paradoxically, Walter tightens and makes coherent; and the performances of Mahler's Second with which he ended his engagement with the New York Philharmonic were impressive demonstrations of his capacities operating at their best.

As for Walter the Chevalier and Grand Seigneur, the picture is marred for me by an incident I witnessed some years ago. The occasion was a Saturday morn-

URGENT APPEAL BY

Howard H. Carwile

Richmond, Virginia

CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

Dear Friends:

The people of Virginia are facing the gravest state-wide election since the Civil War. J. Lindsay Almond, Jr. has been hand-picked by the Byrd machine to be Governor of Virginia for the next four years. Mr. Almond has become a shocking symbol of race rancor, outlawed segregation, and bull-headed defiance of the supreme law of the land. Governor Thomas B. Stanley, and his blind puppets in the Legislature, are sabotaging and rocking the very foundations of our public school system. They are desecrating the Cradle of Democracy in the eyes of the world by shamefully undermining and destroying our Bill of rights.

I am running against Mr. Almond in the July Democratic Primary, as a Jacksonian Democrat, and will conduct a fervent, crusading campaign against him throughout this Commonwealth by radio, television and every other available method. I want to open the eyes of the masses of the people to this unspeakable mess that the Stanley administration has left us in. I want to expose thoroughly the dangerous racial propaganda that the Richmond News Leader dispenses every day.

I shall make this race at a great personal sacrifice. I am happy to give my time to this momentous crusade against bigotry, but I must look to my friends for the necessary financial support. I need a minimum of Five Thousand Dollars for advertising, traveling, radio and television time. I have to pay a filing fee of Four Hundred Dollars. Every fifteen minutes appearance on television will cost me between Two and Three Hundred Dollars. Radio time is also expensive. I want to make radio and television appearances in every major city of this commonwealth.

I believe that my friends who know of my work in Virginia will support me loyally in this crusade against J. Lindsay Almond, Jr. Please send your contribution at once.

Yours sincerely,

HOWARD H. CARWILE

4714 Augusta Avenue

Richmond, Virginia

(advertisement)

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March 29
LOS ANGELES PUBLIC FORUM
IS THERE A FUTURE FOR AMERICAN SOCIALISM?
Speakers:
Bert Cochran, Editor, The American Socialist
Vincent Hallinan, 1952 Presidential Candidate, Progressive Party
Dorothy Healey, Chairman, Los Angeles Communist Party
Carl Marzani, writer and publisher
William F. Warde, Chairman, Los Angeles Socialist Workers' Party
Reuben Borough, Moderator
Friday, 8 P.M., March 29, Embassy Auditorium 75c

Chicago Symposium
SOCIALISM and DEMOCRACY
How do they affect America's future?
Hear: **Mulford Sibley**
National Committee, Socialist Party
Max Weiss
National Staff, Communist Party
Max Shachtman
Nat'l Chairman, Independent Socialist League
Chairman: **Lawrence Scott**
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ing Philharmonic rehearsal for the evening concert at which Mozart's Piano Concerto K.595 was to be played. If the pianist had been Schnabel the entire rehearsal would have been devoted to achieving homogeneity of phrasing and precision of execution in the joint performance of orchestra and soloist. But the pianist was a young American; and while this appearance with the Philharmonic was of enormous consequence to him it was of no importance to Walter. So the young American sat waiting while Walter continued to rehearse the Suite from Korngold's *Much Ado About Nothing* and time grew shorter, until there was barely a half-hour left. At this point an official of the orchestra intervened and insisted on Walter's taking up the concerto. There was time only for one hurried and uninterrupted run-through; and the result was an ineffective performance at the concert. The Walter of this incident was no Chevalier and Grand Seigneur, but instead a man of no artistic conscience and of ruthless inhumanity.

BALLET THEATRE, at its single appearance in New York, presented a new piece, *Winter's Eve*, by the young English choreographer Kenneth MacMillan. The reports about his work for the Sadler's Wells companies had created interest and expectations which were disappointed by this piece created expressly for Ballet Theatre. Set to Britten's Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge, with striking scenery and costumes by Nicholas Georgiadis, it is concerned with a blind girl's involvement with a young man from whom she conceals her blindness, her distress when he discovers it, her accidental blinding of him in their struggle, their being separated by the crowd and being unable to find each other. And as the story is contrived and unplausible, so the dance and mime movements in which it is told are forced and unconvincing when they are freshly inventive, which they are only part of the time. The one exception is the spectacular effect of fluttering birds produced with the white-clothed arms of dancers in black against a black back-drop. The piece provides Nora Kaye with the type of dramatic part that she does so well; and one noted again how much better she looks in this company than in the New York City Ballet.

For me, therefore, the event of the evening was the performance of the single Balanchine piece in Ballet Theatre's repertory, *Theme and Variations*, with Lupe Serrano and Scott Douglas.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside cover.*)

ist at our major universities. To ask representatives of English departments what they think are the major intellectual influences on students was an annoyingly blind procedure. Perhaps the reason why your contributors reported such intellectual inertia and disinterest among students is because we don't go to listen to them.

As a sophomore or junior at college, I got tired of listening to English and Humanities teachers fret about psychology professors who taught classes something of behaviorist psychology, Clark Hull's studies of learning theory, and determinism in human behavior. They looked anxiously over at that part of the campus and charged their colleagues with denying man's creativity or free will or divine spark. . . . The frightening idea that opportunism in nature brought man to this planet and is the only reason why we happen to share it with a few thousand other species was, to them, just one more evidence of the creeping intellectual nihilism of . . . scientists.

I felt there were far more valid, exciting and challenging ways to spend my energies. I wanted to read something of Freud, Darwin; I had my appetite aroused by mentions of Marx, Morgan, Huxley, Taylor, Einstein, Mendel. A not widely known author, A. L. Kroeber, introduced me to anthropology.

I don't think that the political climate was responsible for my entrance into the "less controversial" area of science. I think the reason is simply that the time is ripe for an advance in the scientific study of man, and this is what draws me. Maybe our esthetes have been superseded for a while.

In the meantime, I will read, whenever I can, my Salinger, my Bellow, my Angus Wilson and my George Orwell, and I won't go to English 100 to learn to appreciate them.

CLARK JOHNSON
Graduate Student in Anthropology
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs: I'm in the middle of the reports on The Careful Young Men and find them thoroughly fascinating, particularly because they could have been written, at least in general, on the students here at Northwestern University.

WALTER B. RIDEOUT
Evanston, Illinois

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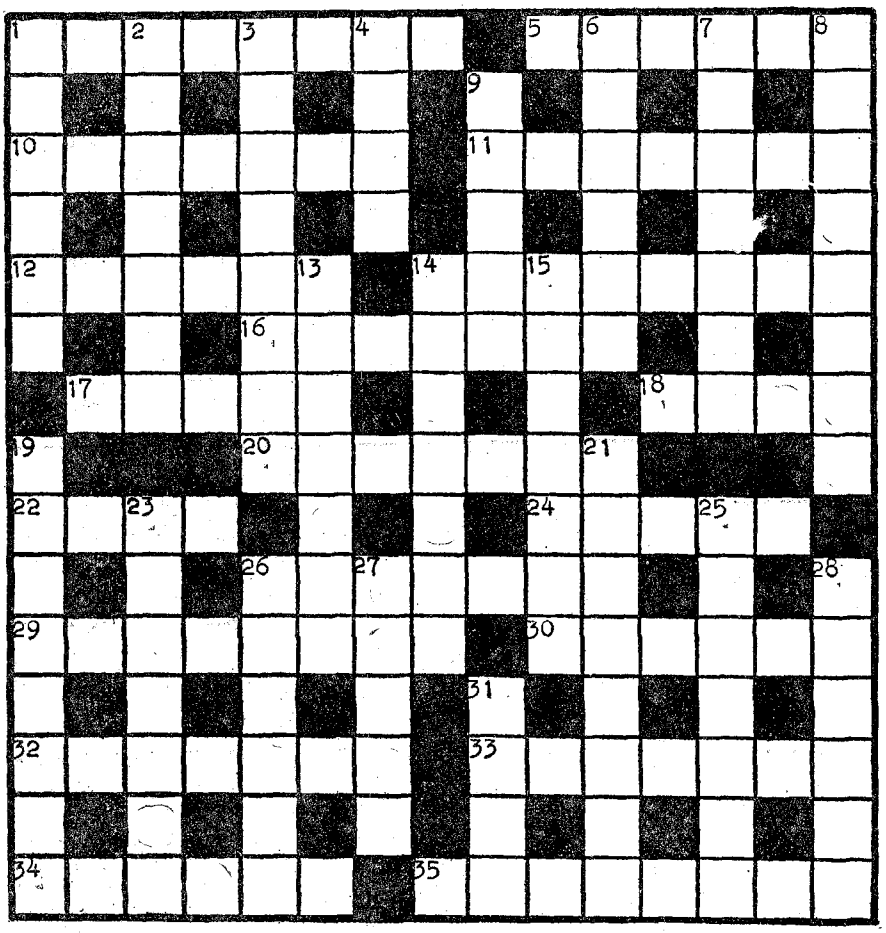
Crossword Puzzle No. 716

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Giving Detroit the raspberry? (5, 3)
5 See 12 across
10 Previously enough, as an illustration. (7)
11 Makes a short Congressman get up and make a second presentation. (7)
12 and 5 across Not really "lounge lizards"—rather what one doesn't indulge in on 33 across. (6, 6)
14 Probably one of the best spots is in the procession! (8)
16 One might call it surrounded by a face-saving device. (7)
17 Return the compliment, perhaps, with no sign of availability. (2, 3)
18 The remnant of 1 across comes back with culture. (4)
20 What one must bear about the unbearable. (7)
22 She had a dream in Lohengrin. (4)
24 Sound physical culture advice to suit it! (5)
26 Support for a member of the cavalry. (5)
29 Fully realized. (8)
30 Might make things less hot and less dry. (6)
32 A little silent about what pertains to force! (7)
33 One of these could be a picnic! (7)
34 and 31 down Uninteresting as part of the body, and by way of comparison certainly not 30! (3, 2, 1, 4)
35 Their interference ratio is high (8)

DOWN:

1 and 14 down Governmentalese for what is never seen with a small tube. (3, 3, 7)
2 Cheer up! It's one way to put things together in the valley. (7)
3 Censure. (The bottom is not quite round.) (8)
4 Cutting lines? (4)
6 It grows quiet in the region of extremities. (6)
7 Going on parties, perhaps, to help in the band. (7)
8 Descriptive of Hebe, or does it imply speculation on the ladies' part? (3-5)
9 Care for free entertainment? (5)
13 Separate broken toes, as a fast answer. (7)
14 See 1 down
15 Pretty, but perhaps does rub the wrong way! (7)
19 Fix up the joint when about to arrive, and get received gladly. (8)
21 Left a portion? Indeed! (8)
23 May does, but not at a definite time. (7)
25 Clash like the devil with the dean! (7)
26 Strangely enough, they look tight on some people. (6)
27 Paragraphs in the Times, no doubt. (5)
28 Searches for capers? (6)
31 See 24 across

(See solution to last week's puzzle at right)

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 715

ACROSS: 1 GALSWORTHY; 6, 14 down and 10 across NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP; 11 REEFERS; 12 HOOK; 13 MANIFESTER; 15 RADIANT; 16 GROGRAM; 17 STAMMER; 20 MENTION; 22 BREAD ROLLS; 23 ETNA; 25 RENEWED; 27 YOST; 28 FRENZIEDLY. DOWN: 1 GET THE RASPBERRY. DOWN: 1 GET across, and 9 down WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG; 4 REPLANT; 5 HARPING; 7 ONE-STAR; 8 INSTRUMENTALITY; 18 AVERNUS; 19 REORDER; 20 MALAYAN; 21 INTONED; 24 ZUNI.

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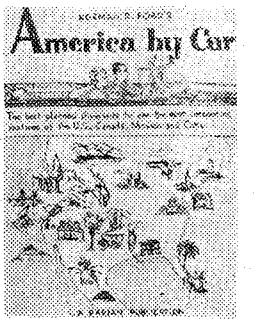

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